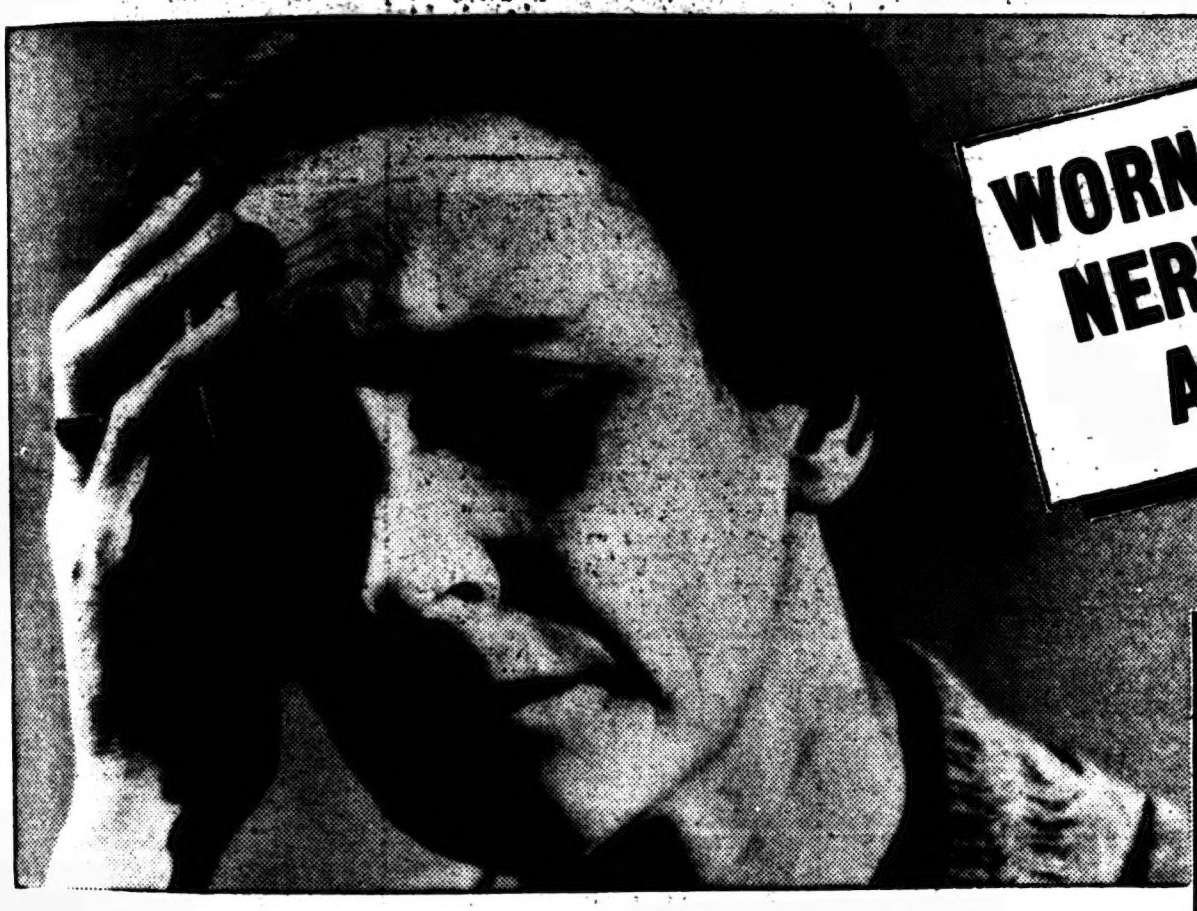
JOHN BULL, JANUARY 18, 1936

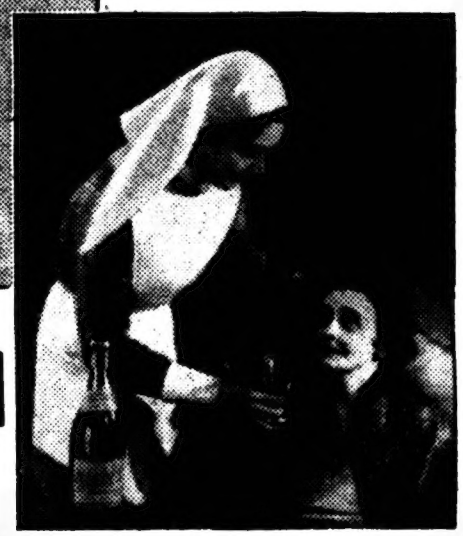
TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1544.

CROSSWORDS AGAIN SEE PAGES 40 AND 42

JOHN BULL



WORN OUT BY NERVES AND ANAEMIA



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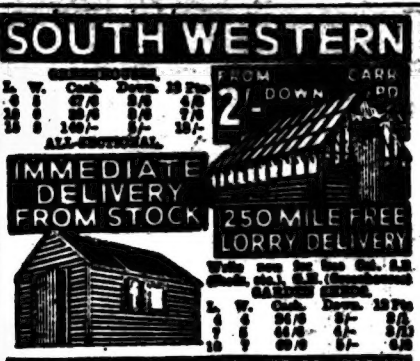

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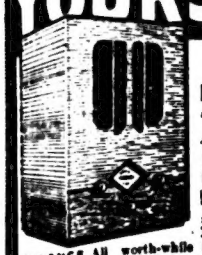

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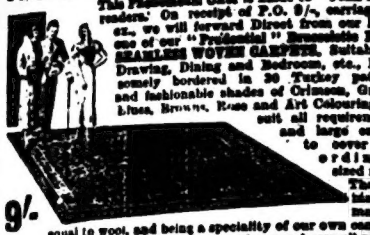

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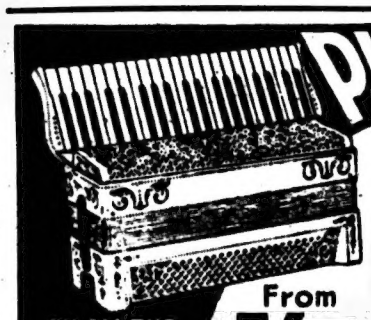
PIANO ACCORDIONS



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1/- Per Pair Post 2d. 3 pairs 3/- Post Free.

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THE PERFECT INSTRUMENT FOR HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

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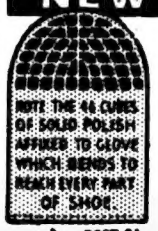

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Carr. & pack. Eng. and W., 2/6. 3 velvet cord cushions. ANY colour.

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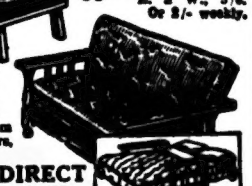

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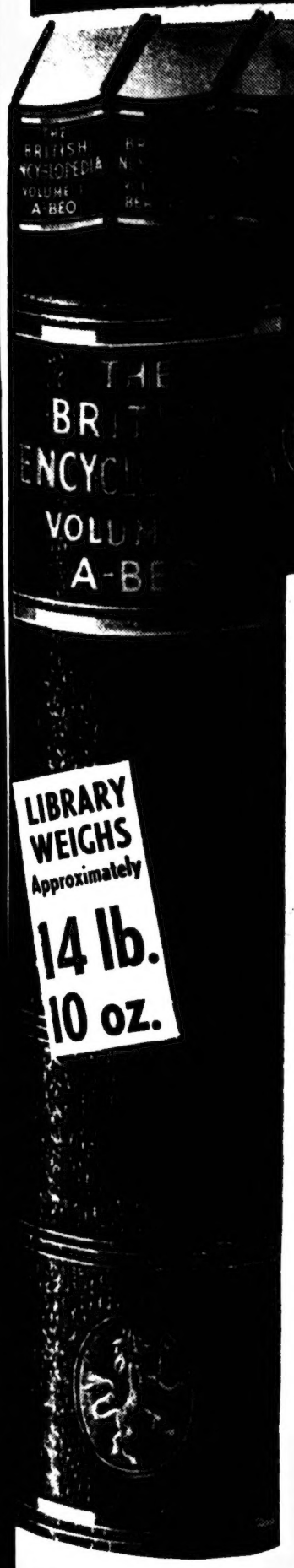

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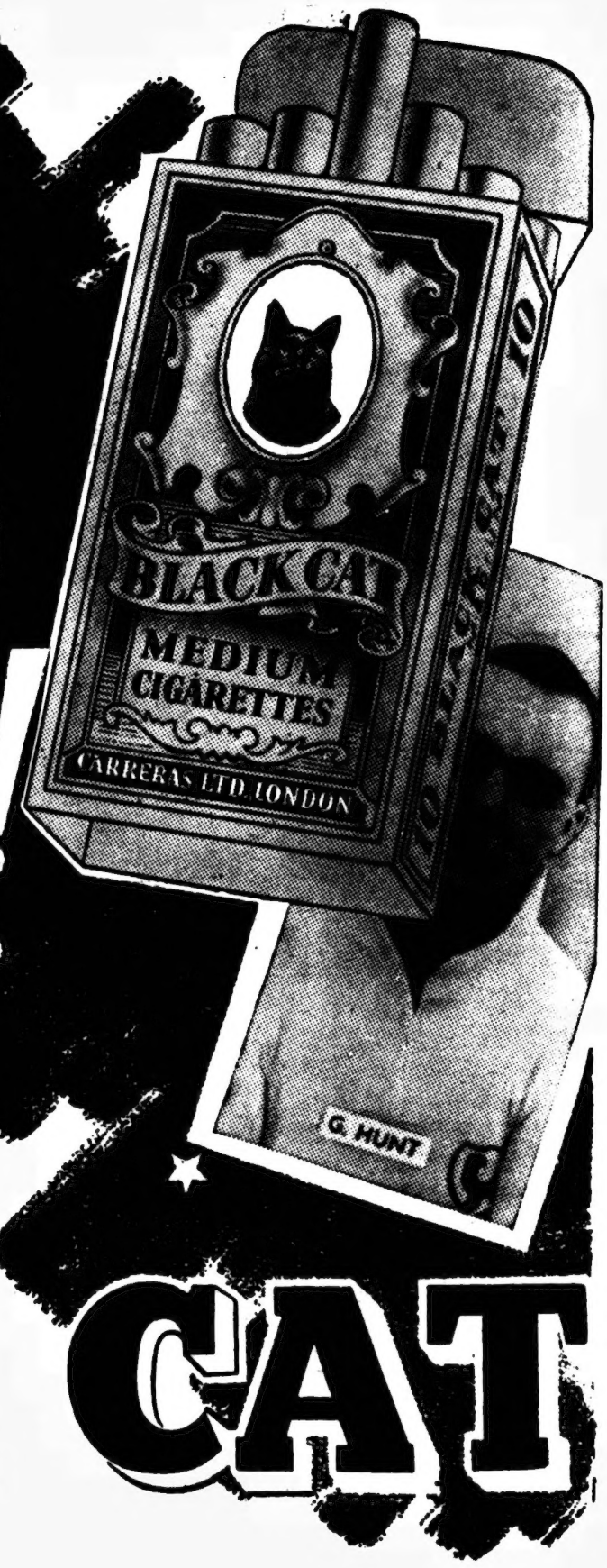

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The CROWN CAN do Wrong!

IT is a proud boast that British justice is the finest and fairest in the world. But it will be all the more justifiable when one very dark blot on it, emphasised once again by a recent tragedy, is wiped out.

When the House of Commons reassembles Colonel Harry Day will ask the Home Secretary to introduce legislation to give the public the right to sue the Crown for damages in all cases where a legitimate claim arises.

As the law stands the Crown cannot be proceeded against in the ordinary way, for the old legal maxim, "The King can do no wrong," applies to all such claims. In other words, the Crown as a whole—Government Departments, Ministers of State, in fact, all the thousands of Government officials up and down the country—cannot except in rare instances be made the subject of civil proceedings in the courts where issues involving the Crown are concerned, no matter how clear the facts against them may be.

Colonel Day's interest in the matter has arisen out of the tragic case of John Patrick Greene, the Ealing chemist, who was killed by a police car which was racing to overtake a stolen car on the Great West Road.

His bereaved widow has been left with three young children to provide for; yet the State is not liable for compensation for her husband's death, and any payment it cares to make will be a voluntary one.

No court of justice can grant damages to any private citizen against the Crown, or against any of those who carry out the Crown's orders!

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Hewart, not long ago himself declared that the administration of the law where Crown cases were concerned had been "transferred from His Majesty's judges, sitting in open court, to obscure clerks tucked away in back rooms in Whitehall."

Fifteen years ago, following a number of complaints that private subjects were being robbed of their rightful dues owing to this antique law, a band of leading legal dignitaries got together and decided that something drastic must be done to effect a much-needed reform.

☆ ☆

They took the view that the law should be amended to give ordinary members of the public an equal right with the Crown where damage had been legitimately sustained.

In 1921 the then Lord Birkenhead, as Lord Chancellor, appointed a committee to consider the question. Its members included Lord Hewart, Lord Hanworth, Justices Rowlatt, Branson and Hill, Sir Douglas Hogg (now Lord Hailsham), Sir Henry Slesser, K.C., Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Sir Leslie Scott.

They held over forty meetings during a period of three or four years, and recommended unanimously that the legal procedure in all cases in which the Crown was a litigant should be subject to the procedure relating to litigation between ordinary subjects.

What happened to their recommendations? *Nothing.*

A Bill which was later framed to bring about the reform which is more than ever needed to-day met a similar fate, and long ago passed into some Whitehall pigeon-hole, forgotten and unwanted.

That the scandal is one of the greatest public concern can be gauged from the fact that in the Metropolitan Police area alone, in the year for which the latest figures are available, 1,042 accidents occurred through collisions with State vehicles. More than a tenth of them involved serious personal injuries, while several were fatal.

Here are a few typical cases in which the relatives of people killed or injured have suffered:

A Carshalton man was killed a few weeks ago at Wallington by a police patrol car, which was trying to intercept a stolen car. Yet no action for compensation lies in law!

In Kensington a man and a woman were knocked down by another police car, engaged upon a similar errand. The man died in hospital from his injuries, and the woman was detained. Any payment by way of compensation to the relatives is entirely at the discretion of the State.

A young Bethnal Green motor cyclist was hit recently by a police van employed to capture thieves. He was picked up unconscious, with scalp wounds, a badly cut face, and a fractured right arm. He must rest content with any pittance the Government thinks fit to offer.

At Reading, a man, walking on the pavement, was killed by a police car which skidded while chasing a fugitive. His relatives have no legal redress.

☆ ☆

Mr. G. R. Hall Caine, M.P., not long ago drew the attention of the Home Secretary to this scandal, and gave instances where police patrols had actually committed offences for which ordinary members of the public would be prosecuted.

Several servants of the Crown have been punished in this respect, and not long ago a member of the Mobile Police, who knocked down a woman and broke her leg, was fined for driving without due care.

This scandal is, of course, not limited to the police. Similar tragedies have concerned other Government departments, but all adhere to the rule that there is no liability.

The only occasion on which a sufferer can sue the Crown is when he has applied to the Home Office for a "Petition of Right" and is granted permission to bring his suit. But such permission is rarely given, particularly in cases arising out of personal injury. In effect, he must ask the Crown for permission to sue it.

☆ ☆

There is the case of the 50,000 civilian war sufferers who sought compensation for personal and other injuries sustained by them during the war, and duly paid by Germany to the Government under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles.

The money was, however, withheld by the Crown, and so strongly did the public feel about it that two memorials were drawn up, one signed by 225 M.P.s and the other with similar terms by 1,379 local authorities representing 27 million people.

The Prime Minister, however, refused to receive a deputation to present these memorials, and the only course left was an appeal to the Courts. After four years or more of delay in the various intermediary Courts, the House of Lords decided that there was no appeal against the decision of the Crown.

Both the General Council of the Bar and the Law Society have protested against this ridiculous state of affairs. Long ago these two influential bodies publicly declared that the position is "antiquated and absurd," and that "reform is long overdue."

We have no doubt that the public at large will fully endorse this view now that once more this intolerable scandal has come before its notice through the tragic plight of the widow of John Patrick Greene.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

That Menace—the Old Age Pensioner?

THERE can be no doubt about the prize pronouncement of the week. It is surely the allegation that the old-age pension is a menace to the community.

Such is the astonishing opinion expressed by Dr. A. P. Moore, a London police surgeon. It is on his authority we are told that "people draw the money and live by themselves when they are not capable of doing so."

So, we are to presume, a great national service is really a peril to the nation and a cancer in our midst!

Blow to pride

Unfortunately, the doctor who makes this remarkable discovery gives us no hint of the remedy.

Shall we stop all old-age pensions and herd the elderly poor into official institutions?

Perhaps, but the cost of keeping them in workhouses and poor-law infirmaries would be enormous.

The blow to the pride of the old folk would be equally prodigious, though to a few people that may be a matter of little consequence.

Life's biggest boon

Happily, there is no possibility of this obvious remedy being applied to the grave situation which Dr. Moore believes to exist.

But it is worth while, we think, to look a little closer into his grievance. And we must admit at once that there are doubtless some aged people, suffering from ill-health or failing faculties, who could be looked after much better if they were willing to sell their homes and enter an official institution.

That would mean, however, the sacrifice of the quality which most of us hold to be life's biggest possession—independence.

Their happiness

And if they prefer to enjoy the comforts of their own home, even at the expense of avoidable ill-health, we refuse to agree that the State should gainsay them. That is their business.

The real scandal would arise if the State refused to admit them to its institutions should they be forced to seek such help.

Moreover, we are sure that Dr. Moore will agree that his argument against the old-age pension applies to comparatively few cases.

Darby and Joan

We are happy to believe that most people who draw the pension are perfectly able to live by themselves and enjoy reasonably good health.

To the vast majority, the weekly ten shillings means a helping hand with the household expenses, and perhaps a visit to the kinema or some other small luxury. Darby and Joan, indeed, would certainly be a little less happy without it.

There may be cases of pension hardship—we have dealt with many in these columns—but they are certainly not of the type which provokes Dr. Moore's strange dictum.

Better way

For one thing, we agree with the public assistance official who has just declared that too much of the pension has to be paid to the landlord.

The solution to this grievance, he suggests, is the five-shilling flat for elderly couples. With, let us add, a more generous pension for those in dire need.

But the one grievance which the country would never tolerate is the official interference which the doctor's words seem to favour.

Street Bets: A Better Way

An Income Tax Disgrace

Old age has a right to its own fireside!

About turn!

A minor revolution is reported from Whitehall. The Board of Education has broken the cherished idol of Economy.

More and bigger State scholarships, more free places in secondary schools, encouragement for nursery schools, more money for new elementary school buildings—all this is a complete change to its policy of the last five years.

The programme is claimed as "an advance along the whole educational front." More accurately, we suggest, it may be styled as a return to the evacuated outposts.

Unsatisfactory

Then, next month, the new Means Test Bill will be laid before Parliament. It still leaves a modified form of the family means test, under which the incomes of children—some of them saving up to marry—are taken into account when fixing the unemployed father's benefit.

So long as that feature remains, the Bill will not satisfy the public.

Income tax disgrace

There is a further anomaly which should be swept away. Public Assistance Committees often stipulate that a relative must contribute to an unemployed man's support. But that relative, when assessed for income tax, is frequently denied the usual abatement for a dependent relative.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain admits that this is happening. It is so indefensible that he shouldn't need to be asked to remove it.

Street betting

A different sort of anomaly may be abolished, it is suggested, following the assertion of the Chief Constable of Salford that street betting cannot be suppressed. We hope the report proves correct. We have never had any sympathy for the law which, whatever its intentions, virtually frowns on the poor punter and smiles upon his wealthier brother.

The determined growth of street betting represents the protests of a large section of the community. Those protests must eventually—and, we hope, speedily—force the authorities to salve the law from the contempt into which it has fallen.

Lord Monkswell replies

Next we must remind you of Lord Monkswell's statement that the working classes receive "wages they do not earn." We have received from him an interesting reply to our contention that industry's first rewards must go to the workers.

He points out that the natural wealth of this country, owing to decay and wear and tear, diminishes by some £600,000,000 a year, and that the yearly savings of the working classes are less than a quarter of this sum.

Now, he says, most of the money which capitalists used to save and reinvest "is taken from them in taxation, and all, or nearly all, is handed over to the working classes in the form of doles and subsidies."

We disagree

And, since Lord Monkswell sees signs of "impending collapse," he thinks it folly to enrich the workers at the expense of the capitalists.

Well, he is as entitled to have his own views on the subject as we are entitled to register the most emphatic disagreement with him.

Snobbery

Another interesting statement is that of the woman teacher who says the presence of unemployed girls among her evening class pupils upsets the other girls. The Rhyl Education Committee replies by "deprecating her attitude."

The mildness of the rebuke surprises us almost as much as the cruel and offensive suggestion of snobbishness which provokes it.

But, then, the printer would probably refuse to print all that we should like to say on the subject.

Disorder in church

And what a pity our religious enthusiasts cannot imbibe some of the gospel of good will!

The Rev. H. S. MacClelland, a Glasgow Congregational minister, invited spokesmen of the Jewish and Mohammedan faiths to address his flock.

The church was raided by members of the Scottish Protestant League and an attempt made to break up the service by noisy interruptions and the waving of banners.

Their peculiar brand of Christianity will hardly commend itself to the tolerant.

The Fragrant Minute

BE ANGRY

YOU are never angry? Then I pity you! You love, of course, I know, the beautiful and true. You fill your days—ah! this is understood—with emulation's praise of what is truly good.

Then how withhold from what is cruel or base, a sanctified hot wrath and indignation's grace? Oh be so angry at a social wrong, you will infect another with your bitter song!

Another and another until there comes in sight, an army strong and big enough to change the wrong to right. In you there never burns hot indignation's flame? But anger is the breath of God—putting man's all to shame!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Achievement

For "Pity the poor blind" substitute "Be proud of the blind."

That's how we feel on reading that seventy-three blind students have taken degrees at British universities since the war. They are becoming clergymen, solicitors, barristers, lecturers—in fact, they are learning to overcome their tremendous handicap.

And we are certain they would rather have our pride than pity.

Heart-balm

But we feel some pity for the young Derby miner who has got to pay for breach of promise.

He stopped the banns on learning that the girl had run away with a married man at the age of fifteen. It might have been praiseworthy for him to have gone on with the engagement, but he decided to end it.

And so he must pay away £15 of hard-earned money as heart-balm!

Protests

Letters pour in at our offices protesting against the sentence at Leicester on a fifteen-year-old boy.

He was charged with two older youths with breaking and entering premises; the Recorder ordered that he should be taken straight from the court and given twelve strokes of the birch. The elder lads were bound over!

The Recorder's remarks proved him to be a strong advocate of whipping for juvenile offenders, but we are at a loss to understand why he should deal so severely with this lad and so lightly with his companions.

His own trap

Surely one of the strangest commentaries on human nature is contained in the story of a man who has appeared before the Grimston Bench, Leics.

He was fined for rounding without due caution a corner at which he had such a bad accident fifteen years ago that he had a danger notice put up there.

Familiarity certainly breeds contempt.

Moving mountain

"The moving mountain" in the Rhymney Valley is slipping again, threatening to close a colliery and throw hundreds of men out of work.

In the past it has caused damage amounting to scores of thousands of pounds by destroying roads, railways and water-mains. Yet experts believe that, by spending ten or fifteen thousand pounds on "levelling down" the mountain, the danger would be ended for ever. What have the authorities to say about it?

Despicable

Arthur James Mason is probably feeling very sorry for himself. He will spend the next eighteen months in Cardiff Prison for stealing less than £2.

A shamefully stiff sentence? We don't think so.

This young man planned the theft of an absent workmate's wages and then got another man to carry it out, rewarding him with ten shillings of the proceeds. That, we think you'll agree, deserves every day of the eighteen months' sentence.

Real crosswords again

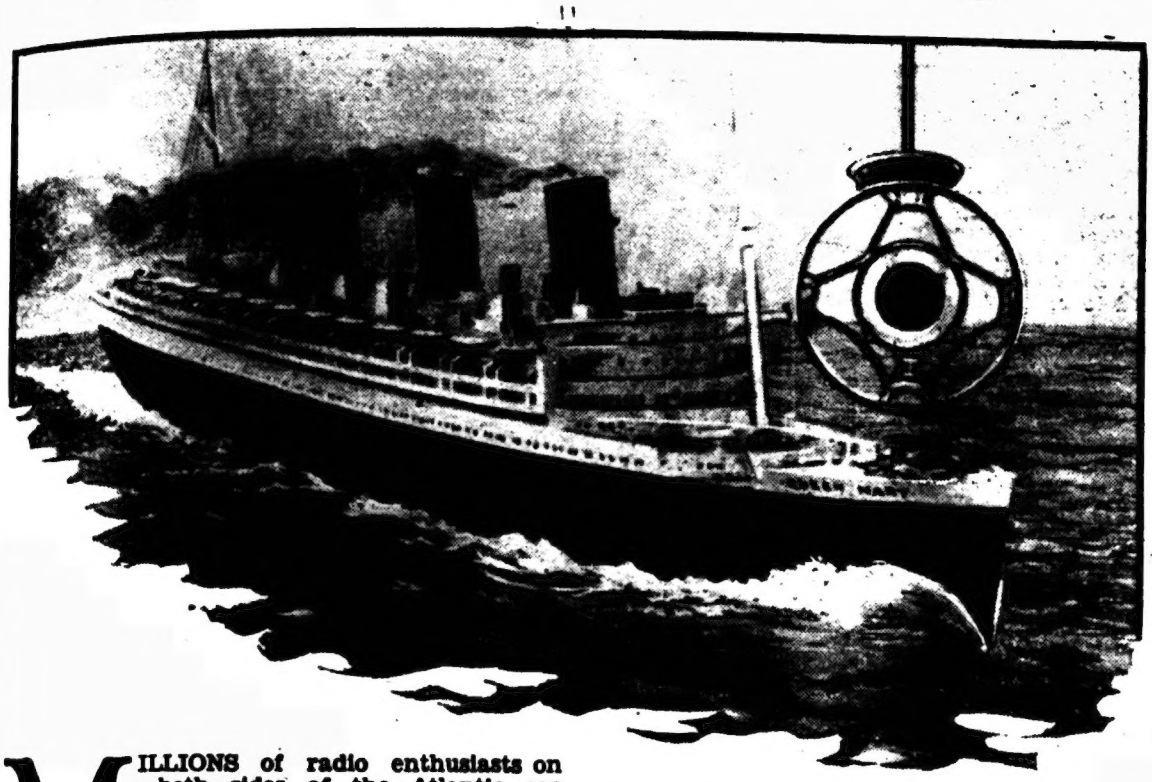
Once again JOHN BULL steps ahead of all rivals in catering for competition enthusiasts.

Thanks to the guidance of eminent counsel, we are able to introduce to our readers the great new "Diagon" crossword competition. Your big crossword opportunities are back this week.

Study on page 40 the full details and take a place in the first list of prize-winners!

'Queen Mary' STUNT

—Amazing Broadcast Disclosure



MILLIONS of radio enthusiasts on both sides of the Atlantic are awaiting details of the arrangements for what they have expected to be the premier event of the broadcasting year—the transmission of programmes of entertainment from the R.M.S. *Queen Mary* on her first voyage from Southampton to New York at the end of May.

In Great Britain at least there is certain to be disappointment for those who have high hope of participating in a feast of novelty and entertainment of unprecedented size and quality.

A few days ago the B.B.C. gave the first intimation that this will be so in a brief announcement of its provisional plans for the *Queen Mary* broadcasts.

These comprise nothing more than commentaries on the departure of the great ship from England and her arrival in New York, a conducted tour of the liner for forty-five minutes on the second night out, and a short "flash" from her to be included in the news bulletins on each of the following two nights.

BEHIND this terse summary of the somewhat severe and scanty intentions of the British broadcasting authorities is a remarkable story.

For the part they have played in it the B.B.C. and the Cunard White Star Company, the owners of the *Queen Mary*, will win the congratulations and gratitude of most radio listeners in this country, however sharp may be the disappointment of the latter at the nature and scope of the programmes to be offered.

Means were available by which the public could have been provided with the greatest continuous flow of superb entertainment in the history of world broadcasting. The technical wireless equipment of the *Queen Mary* will be without equal in power and efficiency, and the most celebrated performers of the stage, screen and concert platform could have been mobilised, with immense profit to the B.B.C. and the shipping company, to honour the maiden voyage of Britain's masterpiece of the seas.

Why miss such an opportunity, hitherto unique and unlikely to occur again in this generation?

It will be obvious that neither the B.B.C. nor the Cunard White Star Company could possibly contemplate bearing the enormous cost of radiating programmes of this calibre to the whole world, even on the occasion of the greatest event in maritime history. Transmission of material of the first class would have to be maintained day and night to reach listeners from the Baltic to the Pacific, and the expense would be incalculable.

Yet all this was possible—not only without a shilling of expenditure by, but with vast financial gain to, either or both the B.B.C. and the owners of the *Queen Mary*.

It is said to be a modest estimate that the clear profit to British interests from broadcasting during the voyage of less than five days would have amounted to £350,000—sufficient to begin laying the keel of a sister ship to the *Queen Mary*.

The £350,000 would willingly have been paid, in addition to the huge cost of the performances and transmission, by numerous firms in Europe and America *if they had been allowed to sponsor the "Queen Mary" broadcasts on a commercial basis*. In other words, if they had been permitted to advertise.

These firms would have been prepared, between them, to provide brilliant broadcasts for the twenty-four hours of the day throughout the voyage and to pay at the rate of £3,000 per hour for the privilege, as well as meeting the cost of assembling the greatest company of distinguished artists and speakers ever brought together on sea or land.

They would not even seek strident, blatant publicity. They would have been content merely to have their names associated with the programmes.

The temptation was the greatest of the kind ever offered. Firms of international reputation only could have been selected. It could have been said plausibly that the departure from the rigid code of British broadcasting was justified by the occasion of the first voyage of a ship that marks a new era, the most magnificent and proudest ship from which the Red Ensign has ever flown.

But the B.B.C. did not countenance any specious argument for a moment.

Its Governors are inflexible in their determination to preserve the purity of broadcasting. The directors of the Cunard White Star Company have unhesitatingly also preferred that the dignity of their line and the *Queen Mary* should be kept inviolate and not sacrificed in the smallest measure to extraneous commercial interests. Both deserve and will get the plaudits of Britain and the admiration of listeners abroad.

IT is the boldest and most emphatic answer ever given to the attempts which are constantly being made behind the scenes to permeate British broadcasting with advertisement and propaganda. The rebuff to those who saw a chance to drive in the thin end of the wedge by exploiting the *Queen Mary's* maiden voyage should destroy for all time any belief that it will ever be possible to "buy the air" in Britain.

Among its legion of critics, there is not one who can comment with anything but praise upon the resolution with which the B.B.C. has barred the path of the commercial publicist in the ether. If these overtures had been entertained, it would have been the beginning of the end of Britain's resistance to the use of the air for any other purposes than pleasure and education. The precedent would have been cited on every future occasion a pretext was available to lay down a barrage of ballyboo by radio.

British wireless listeners who have never been under the bombardment of nerve-racking commercial shrapnel from America and other foreign broadcasting stations can scarcely be brought even to imagine the horror of the experience.

In these countries radio programmes cost their hearers nothing at all; there is no radio tax and no expense attached to having a wireless set, so that all entertainment is under private commercial sponsorship.

The programmes, therefore, however slick and timed to a split second, become muddled and formless, and the constant crashing in of the announcing "barkers" with their tiresome rhetoric, strident or caressing, as they pay maddening and artificial testimony to their wares, completely destroys the pleasure and value of the interlarded entertainment.

So profound is the disgust and discontent of the listeners that only last week it was decided to ban all aerial advertisement in Germany, and in America to curtail the amount and to restrict the type of publicity broadcast.

It was with new and eager hopes, therefore, that manufacturers and other interests who have to resort to this kind of advertisement looked for a mammoth publicity stunt to the *Queen Mary* and the B.B.C., which will be in sole and complete control of all the technical arrangements for broadcasts to every country during the maiden voyage.

They did not go far before being disillusioned.

No wonder the people who are willing to pay exorbitantly to buy time on the air cast covetous eyes on the *Queen Mary*. They would have been assured from her of the most perfect ocean broadcasts that science can provide. She is a floating wireless station of the first magnitude, with radio telephone and telegraph equipment unsurpassed anywhere in modernity and efficiency and equalled in range and power by very few land stations.

To give an idea of her capabilities, it is sufficient to state that she has thirty-two separate wavelengths and nine separate aerial systems. And, in the wireless sense, she is disaster-proof. Not only is everything duplicated, but there is a completely independent emergency installation which, by itself, makes the radio fittings of most other ships look like mere toys.

BY means of bedside micro-telephones in the cabins and kiosks in every part of the ship, it will be possible for passengers to speak through a switchboard with 700 lines to any part of the world from anywhere on the ocean.

It was in the expectation that facilities like these would be easily available to them for commercial propaganda that one American firm, typical of many, sent a corps of agents to London to arrange, first, that the articles of food in which it specialises should be included in the menu of the *Queen Mary*, and, secondly, an hour of broadcasting from the ship to which the most eminent performers procurable would contribute. A blank cheque seemed all that was necessary.

In exchange, the only thing that the manufacturers asked for was a simple and quiet announcement during the programme that the passengers in the *Queen Mary* were being served with their brands of foodstuffs. That was all.

The agents still cannot understand why the reception of their munificence has been so cold and barren of response.

No, thank goodness, there will be only one advertisement in all the *Queen Mary* broadcasts—the unnecessary advertisement of herself. But she will deserve every word spoken from and about her.

The WRONG

LORD HEWART, the Lord Chief Justice, has lately given cogent reasons why cases of a special kind should no longer be dealt with by lay magistrates in the police courts of this country.

But his Lordship did not indicate one type of case which should most certainly be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the justices, the reason for the omission being, no doubt, that it does not ordinarily come under his ken in his present judicial capacity.

Yet it is one which, above all others, demands reform.

The case is that of the woman who applies to the justices for a maintenance order in respect of an illegitimate child, and the extraordinary methods by which in many courts the magistrates seek to establish the paternity of the child.

Some benches of magistrates seem to go so far as to act on the principle that it is essential that every child should have a legal father and that, to achieve this, it is only necessary to accept the word of the woman in the case—who may have nominated any man at random.

Affiliation orders are being made in the courts every week upon completely worthless evidence which legally trained magistrates would ruthlessly reject, and in many cases it is clear that they are made even against men with whom the women concerned have never had association of any kind.

The depth of this scandal becomes apparent now and then when cases come to light of young men who, rather than submit to the orders so carelessly made, prefer to go to prison again and again for refusing to pay the maintenance imposed on them.

It is not because of inability to pay that they keep entering and leaving prison over a period of years—it is their conscience and honour which impels them to this course.

Fresh in the public mind must still be the case of one young man who went to prison in this manner nineteen times, but who has now been completely absolved because it was found in the end that the woman had committed perjury, for which she has now herself been sentenced.

For the past ten months JOHN BULL has been observing the progress of another case of a different kind which is, however, as vital in its consequences and the lesson it teaches as any that has ever been before a British court.

The time has now come when the full story of this remarkable suit can be told.

"Peter Jackson"

Our readers are invited to observe the following details with close attention. It seems safe to predict that if they do so they will be astounded when they learn the result and see how easy it is, under the present administration of the courts, for the honour of almost any man to be placed in jeopardy for all time.

We will not disclose the woman's real name or address, not specially for her sake, but in the interests of her child. She will be called Miss Smith.

There is no reason to suppress the name of the man—he has, happily, now been vindicated and had his reputation fully restored. He is Mr. Reginald Mottershead, of Reddish Road, Stockport, Cheshire.

In the Spring of 1933, Miss Smith, as we call her, made the chance acquaintanceship in Stockport of a young man whom she came to know as Peter Jackson. She never knew anything more definite about him than that he was an electrician in the employment of his father and that he owned a motor bicycle. She never learned anything about his address, family, place of business or his friends.

Their friendship lasted for five months, during which she always met him twice a week and walked out with him. After two months, there was a single act of intimacy and a baby was born in April, 1934. Until she met Peter Jackson, Miss Smith said she had never had relationship with any man.

It is the law that the paternity of an illegitimate child must be fixed within one year after its birth.

But for 364 days of the year that followed, Miss Smith did nothing whatever either to find Peter Jackson or to have him declared to be the father of her baby.

Then, at the eleventh hour, she went to the police authorities in Stockport and obtained a summons against one Peter Jackson, of an address unknown. From that moment coincidence in the case began to run riot.

It so happened that on the very next day there was due to be heard at Stockport Police Court the hearing of a motoring charge in which Mr. Reginald Mottershead was to be called as the principal witness for the prosecution. Coincidence began when the police straightway instructed Miss Smith to attend the court and to scrutinise Mr. Mottershead while he was in the witness-box!

The police had no reason whatever for taking this course other than that Mr. Mottershead is an electrician and owns a motor bicycle. He is not, as Peter Jackson was, in the service of his father, but has been, since he left school eleven years ago, an engineer on the staff of the Stockport Corporation Electricity Department.

Silence

And the police certainly had no reason to suspect his moral reputation. They knew that he belonged to a family which has been known and respected in the district for generations, and that he himself was so often in the streets and public places of Stockport that Miss Smith should have had no real difficulty in finding him again, if he really was Peter Jackson, during the year in which she had taken no action.

It has not been revealed why Miss Smith waited until the last legal moment to find a father for her child. The quick and amazing discovery of one that followed is, therefore, the more dramatic.

Next day, after Mottershead had given his evidence, he was ushered into a room at the back of the court and there confronted by a police officer and Miss Smith. "Is this man the father of your child?" asked the policeman. The woman nodded her head in assent.

Mottershead was then handed an affiliation summons. He asked what it was all about and pointed out that the name, Peter Jackson, on the summons was not his and that he had no recollection of ever having seen the woman in his life.

Before the application for the maintenance order which followed the service of the summons was heard by the justices, Mr. Mottershead's solicitors asked to be given some detail and dates of the supposed association between Mottershead and Miss Smith. They were refused all information.

Mr. Mottershead, therefore, went into court quite unaware of the nature of the accusations to be made against him. This, it will be seen, is highly important in the light of what was still to happen.

In the witness-box Miss Smith unhesitatingly declared that Mottershead was the man she knew as Peter Jackson. She described her various meetings with him twice weekly for five months, their evening walks to a place miles outside Stockport and maintained that she was innocent until she had met him.

She was able to give the court the exact dates and hours of every meeting with him. For this purpose she produced a diary which, she said, she compiled every night when she returned to the house where she was employed as a domestic servant.

Motterhead was confronted in a room at the police court by a police officer and Miss Smith. "Is this man the father of your child?" the policeman asked her. She nodded in assent

To say the least, this diary was an extraordinary document. Its contents were of a nature, even before her intimacy with Peter Jackson, which made those in court who heard them read regard it as incredible that any young woman could have written them.

But by far the strangest feature of the diary was that the entries in it covered only the period when Miss Smith was keeping company with Peter Jackson.

It had, indeed, been obtained and compiled specially to record their meetings and personal facts during that time. The pages before and after the five months during which she knew Peter Jackson were completely blank.

Miss Smith strenuously denied, however, that the diary had been faked since her remarkable identification of Mottershead as Peter Jackson to build up a case against the man whom she had selected at the eleventh hour for the paternity of her child.

Miss Smith was severely questioned about her association with other men, but she denied all the allegations made. She did admit, however, that, just before she met Peter Jackson, she had been discovered with a boy friend behind a country hedge at night by a policeman who had flashed his torch upon them and said he was going to make a report regarding them in consequence of what he had seen. Then followed some remarkable statements by Miss Smith which it is best to report in the form of question and answer.

Q.—You managed to stop this policeman from reporting you, did you not?—*A.*—Yes.

You said this to him, did you not, to stop him, "If you report us, I shall

FATHER

Incredible Court Blunder

report another policeman who knocks on my window at night-time."—Yes.

Did anything take place between you and the policeman who knocked at your window?—No, but he asked me to come out with him.

And you used that as a threat to another policeman to prevent him from reporting you for misbehaving behind a hedge?—Yes.

Why, in order to get out of your difficulty of being in the hedge bottom with this boy, did you threaten to report another policeman if you were not trying to make scandal out of it?—I was not trying to make scandal.

At a later stage of the proceedings Miss Smith, who insisted that she was virtuous notwithstanding her alleged power over the policeman, collapsed in a dead faint and lay prostrate in court when she was pressed to give the name of the police officer.

The other witness

She denied that she wished to shield him because she had immoral relations with him or that she had got a hold over him. She gave no answer when asked to explain how it was that, if a policeman came to her window for a perfectly innocent purpose, she was able to stop another policeman from performing his duty by reporting what he had seen when she was in the hedge with a boy who was not Peter Jackson or Mottershead.

Of course, it was necessary for Miss Smith to have another witness to the fact that Mottershead was Peter Jackson.

She produced one in the person of a young girl friend who, however, had only once seen Peter Jackson in her life and when he was in the company of Miss Smith. It was an accidental meeting in the street, the circumstances of which as described by this witness were at variance with those described by Miss Smith in her evidence. And the meeting had taken place two years previously.

How did this witness come in the first place to identify Mottershead as Peter Jackson? As the case went on, an answer was given to this question in a remarkable manner.

It transpired that on the day Mottershead had been identified at the police court by Miss Smith, she and her friend had been taken by a police officer on a motor bicycle to the Stockport Electricity Works.

The policeman went inside the works and came out with a party of workmen, one of whom was Mottershead.

The friend then agreed, in reply to the policeman, that he was the man to whom she had been introduced two years before as Peter Jackson and whom she had never seen since then.

This, of course, was a travesty of identification procedure. It reveals the police going so far in such cases as to expose a man to public contempt by seeking to have him identified at his place of employment in the presence of his workmates.

Again, after the Peter Jackson summons had been served on Mottershead, it was also revealed, a police officer went to the house where Miss Smith was employed and took statements from her and other people to assist in the prosecution of her suit against Mr. Mottershead.

It seems highly desirable that the Watch Committee of Stockport should ascertain from its Chief Constable what is the answer to this young woman's allegations that she had the power to intimidate a member of his force in the performance of duty because another police officer visited her at her bedroom window.

As Miss Smith's case proceeded, evidence which seriously reflected upon her was given by a number of persons who had no interest either in her or Mottershead, but who came forward voluntarily in the interests of justice.

One, for instance, was a lady who lived next door to the house where Miss Smith was employed. She told the court that she became very alarmed because she found that, after her children were sent to bed at night, they did not sleep, but kept watch at a window which gave a view on to the next house.

She was also gravely disturbed by certain things the children said, and, in consequence of what she saw when she kept watch on the next house, she had forbidden her children to look from the window again because they were in danger.

With tradesmen

This woman said that she had seen Miss Smith frequently being embraced by tradesmen calling at the house, and she also described other incidents with men late at night which, she emphasised, were not "harmless flirtation."

A professional nurse who was engaged at the house where Miss Smith was a servant also stated that Miss Smith often did not come home until nearly one o'clock in the morning and, one night, she did not come home at all. The nurse had also found her in the embraces of a tradesman in the kitchen.

Another woman spoke to having heard Miss Smith's voice and that of a man in the summer-house in the early hours of the morning and to finding Miss Smith's handkerchief there next morning. (Neither this man nor any of the other men mentioned by these witnesses could have been Mottershead, because Miss Smith had previously sworn that Peter Jackson had never gone home with her or visited the house where she worked.)

But this witness also stated that, after the baby was born, Miss Smith had come to live with her for two months, and during that time she had frequently said that she had no idea who was the father of her child and had no information whatever by which he might be identified, such as the colour of his hair and the like. Miss Smith could give no help at all when it was suggested that an effort should be made to trace the father.

And, in further evidence, other reasons were found to challenge the authenticity of the diary which Miss Smith had produced.

For instance, an entry in the diary showed her to be still in Stockport at an important date in the case, whereas a letter was produced to reveal that it was written by her at that time from a place nearly sixty miles away.

Now let it be remembered that when Mr. Mottershead went into court he had not the least idea what would be the nature of the charges made against him or even the dates of his supposed association with Miss Smith. Yet he was able, there and then, to provide as complete an answer to the allegations as has ever been given in any court of law.

He produced a silent witness. It was the official log-book of the Stockport Corporation Electricity Works, brought to court by officials of that department.

Miss Smith's diary was about two inches square. The official log-book was a tome nearly three feet square.

And on every date and at every hour on which Miss Smith was supposed to have been in the company of Peter Jackson, and, in fact, on every day of their five months' friendship, the log-book showed that Reginald Mottershead was on duty as a charge-engineer from four o'clock in the afternoon continuously until one o'clock in the morning. Not on one day, but on every day mentioned by Miss Smith.

There could be no suggestion that the entries in this official volume had been faked or forged. There, every day, in Mottershead's own handwriting, was the record of his presence at the station on duty during the exact hours at which Miss Smith had said he was in her company at places eight miles away.

Amazing verdict

The magistrates, therefore, had to weigh in the scales a suspect diary, the astonishing manner in which Mottershead had been identified, and the truthfulness and severely attacked reputation of Miss Smith against Mottershead's own denials and the absolutely conclusive evidence of the official log-book.

Anyone who has studied the case to this point would say at once that the magistrates must unhesitatingly have found in favour of Mottershead. Not a bit of it. They declared him to be the father of Miss Smith's child, and ordered him to pay the costs of her confinement and her legal expenses and to contribute 10s. weekly for the child's maintenance for sixteen years!

After ten months of torture and fighting, Mottershead has at last been found innocent of the charge made against him and the order awarded to Miss Smith by the justices has been cancelled.

This has been done by a higher court to which Mr. Mottershead has appealed and which unanimously rejected the evidence put forward by Miss Smith. He has, of course, also been given costs against her, but that is likely to be an empty judgment, because she has no means to satisfy it.

In the main, it may be said, all is well because justice has been done at last in this case. True. But there are other reasons why JOHN BULL considers that it is necessary that all the facts of this particular trial should be made known.

The first is that, fortunately, Mottershead's parents were ready to mortgage all they possessed to remove this blot from their son's honour by fighting the case to the very end. There must be hundreds of cases in which innocent young men have had their reputations and careers besmirched by paternity orders which would have been annulled if they had the means to meet the heavy legal costs of defending themselves properly.

The second reason is that the ordeal of Reginald Mottershead provides a complete case for action by the Lord Chancellor to take all litigation of this kind out of the jurisdiction of lay magistrates so that no woman may be able to find a father and maintenance for her child by almost random selection.

£1000 CHALLENGE!

that Littlewood Goods ARE THE BEST

"I HAVE a real respect for some of our competitors who run 20-Week Clubs. But there are others whose statements about the values of their goods amaze me.

"You see, our Buying Departments are continually testing these high-sounding claims—by buying the goods, and examining them minutely, and comparing them with the same type of article offered by ourselves at the same price.

"We do not make extravagant claims in our Catalogue nor in any other literature we publish. Every Organiser and every Member of a Littlewood Club can rely implicitly on our printed statements.

"In order to prove absolutely what Littlewood Values mean, I have decided to make a Public Challenge backed by a forfeit of £1,000. Here is the Challenge:—

Any 20-week Mail Order Club Firm (of one year's standing or more) accepting this Challenge, is to abide by the decision of an impartial Committee of three well-known business men, selected by the Chamber of Commerce of any leading city.

This Committee is to select a representative range of articles in our current Catalogue. It is to have those articles (as now delivered to our Members) examined by technical experts. The experts are to compare them with similar articles which are offered by any challenging Club Firm in its current Catalogue at the same price, and as now delivered to its Members. The challenging Firm is to deposit a similar £1,000 forfeit.

Whichever Firm is adjudged by the Committee on this test to be offering inferior goods is to forfeit its £1,000. The whole of the £1,000 is then to be given to King George's Jubilee Trust.

I do not desire to make a penny out of this. I myself will pay the expenses of the Committee. All I want is to prove publicly, in the fairest possible way, how good are the Littlewood goods.

I have deposited our cheque for £1,000. My Challenge remains open till Feb. 29th, 1936."

Signed John Moores

Managing Director.
Littlewood's Mail Order Stores Ltd.
(*Dated*) January 6th, 1936.

WANTED: MORE ORGANISERS

A Spare-time Money-Making Hobby for Men and Women

YES, we want more Organisers of Littlewood Shilling Clubs.

The outstanding success of this business—supplying to nearly 700,000 Club Members—has been due to the wonderful and outstanding value of the Littlewood goods, which makes it easy to obtain Members; and also due to selecting the right type of men and women as Organisers—sensible, energetic people.

AN EASY, REGULAR, SPARE-TIME INCOME

The Organisers are married men and single men; married women and girls; husbands and wives often helping one another. They find it an easy way to make a good spare-time income—with Commission and Bonuses paid promptly, the very day they are due.

NO "CANVASSING"

Forming a Littlewood Club is not a "canvassing" job—you do not have to go and push goods at strangers.

You draw your first Members from your own circle of family, friends and workmates; and then you find that these will bring in other friends, or give you recommendations which will make your job quite easy and smooth.

Forming a Littlewood Club is dignified work. Running a Littlewood Club is pleasant and enjoyable.

THERE'S MUCH MORE THAN MONEY IN IT

Again and again we have heard from Organisers that there's much more in running a Littlewood Club than just the money in it. It widens their circle of friends. It makes them welcome in homes they scarcely knew before. It brings them the trust and respect of Members who ask them to assist in choosing their goods, and in the handling of their weekly shillings.

You become a "Leader" in the eyes of your friends. They look up to you as a man or woman who "knows how to run things".

People are proud to be known as Organisers of Littlewood Clubs. If you would like to join this happy band of nearly 35,000 men and women, **use the Coupon below.**

COUPON

Name (in full).....
(*Please state if Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and write in* **BLOCK LETTERS**)

Address.....

..... *County*.....

JB 18/MR

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to

Please answer these questions:—
Are you energetic?..... *Have you a circle of* (*say*) 10 *or* 12 *friends?*..... *Do you think you would be able to go round amongst friends and organise them into a* 20-*week Club?*.....

Please send me, **FREE**, your 368-page Wonder Catalogue (value 4/-); Complete Outfit, printed with my name and address; Hints on forming a Club; and particulars of Commission and Bonuses. I am over 21 years of age.

Littlewood 1/- Clubs

OLD HALL STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3

DARED YOU *have* SAID *it in* 1918?

JOHN BULL'S *Open Letter to* **General Sir Herbert LAWRENCE**

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—As our American cousins would say, "Thanks for the flowers."

A few days ago you, as chairman of Vickers, referred before the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture and Trading in Arms to the "prejudice" expressed by many people against the type of business of which you are the head.

You said that this prejudice "is the expression of an honourable *but perhaps mistaken ideal respecting the sanctity of life and the iniquity of war*, which must command sympathy."

* * *

You will have to "sympathise" with a good many other people besides JOHN BULL. A few million other people who share that "mistaken ideal" about the sanctity of human life and the iniquity of war!

It's a long way from Tipperary, Sir Herbert . . . from 1918. Eighteen years. My reference books tell me that in 1918 you were Chief of Staff to Sir Douglas Haig, and the writers of the day paid a just tribute to your remarkable ability in the work of military organisation.

You were Sir Douglas Haig's right-hand man when he wrote his famous Army Order after the German break through in March, 1918, telling the troops in the line, in "Con" camps, in hospitals and in base camps like Etaples, Boulogne, Havre and Rouen that "our backs are against the wall."

I wonder how the shattered remnants of "Third Ypres," pushed back into the line after the mud and blood bath of Passchaendaele, would have liked to hear that the iniquity of war was a "mistaken ideal"?

When the terse telegrams and War Office letters were arriving at tens of thousands of little front doors, telling *wives that they would never see their husbands again, nor mothers their sons* —would they like to have been told that their view about the "sanctity of human life" was a mistaken ideal?

This is 1936, Sir Herbert. I cannot but think that you will have few endorsers of your views from the survivors of the men who were engulfed in the holocaust of 1914-1918.

Nor will the millions of those who waited in agony at home for the *dénouement* of that dreadful struggle be likely to agree that their desire that nothing like it shall ever occur again is a "mistaken ideal."

I must grant you this. You have always been consistent in your points of view. But not so consistent in its expression. I have not forgotten that in 1932 you told a dinner gathering of the Iron and Steel Institute, "Do not rely too much on Geneva. . . ."

* * *

Last April you told a meeting of shareholders that attacks on armament firms were unfair and that "although armaments for the purpose of national defence constituted a great part of the company's production, *the maintenance of peace was in the best interests of the company and the community generally.*

But in 1936, to judge from your remarks the other day, that which is in the "best interests of the company" is a "mistaken ideal."

At the same meeting you told an ex-officer shareholder, who pointed out that British soldiers at Gallipoli were killed by guns and shells manufactured by your company, that none of your 70 per cent. armaments production was sold "to possible enemies."

Who, or what are possible enemies?

The year before, you were advertising Vickers-Armstrong tanks in German newspapers. Your excuse was that "the English Press is not well circulated in South America, where there are a number of clients of ours. . . . It was felt that the best way of getting at them was to advertise in those German newspapers which circulate there. . . ."

There have been a few other inconsistencies in the expression of your particular — and peculiar — point of view. Last year you defended armament sales by saying that anyhow the profits were meagre, and had been for fifteen years.

* * *

Yet when a priest got up specially to state that the Clergy Pensions Institution had sold its holding in your company your comment was, "They've lost a good investment."

Whether my ideal and that of other million. about the sanctity of human life and the iniquity of war be "mistaken" or not, it is the ideal that will govern the future of the world.

You are welcome, of course, to your opinions of that ideal. But I believe that in this year of grace you will not find many sharing them.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Councillor C. BAINES,
Gainsborough

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Lack of consideration for the unemployed by Employment Exchange officials is far too common a complaint, and I am glad that your vigorous onslaught has brought the matter to a head.

In spite of your council's frequent protests, shivering men are still being exposed to the cold and the wet outside the local exchange.

Recently, as a climax, 150 were told after the usual wait that there was no money for them!

I trust your council's letter to the Ministry of Labour will be a strong one.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLAUD MULLINS,
South Western Police Court, London

DEAR MR. MULLINS,—A widow, who has evidently mistaken your special matrimonial court for a matrimonial agency, wants you to supply her with a husband.

Of course you may be willing to assist her, but I am afraid that any success you might achieve in the rôle of Cupid would bring upon you an avalanche of letters from other would-be wives.

Why not remind the lady of her Leap-Year privilege?

JOHN BULL.

LORD MELCHETT: "World is able to produce so much that it nearly bankrupts itself." Or is that because world doesn't consume enough?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALT DISNEY,
Hollywood

DEAR WALT,—There is a gaily painted ambulance running through the streets of Manchester now, taking patients to and from the Royal Children's Hospital. Its cheerful decorations feature Mickey Mouse and the other delightful creatures you have made famous

And I hear that, not content with giving permission for your characters to be used in this way, you worked out the design yourself.

I know you will consider it an ample reward if the tiny tots are no longer frightened when the ambulance calls for them.

JOHN BULL.

The RURAL COUNCIL,
Williton, Somerset

SIRS,—For two years a family of eight persons have been living in a hayloft over a cowshed at Stogumber, near Minehead, having been turned out of their cottage when the father lost his job.

Four boys sleep in one bed, the man, his wife and a little girl in another, while a second girl makes shift in a pram. Such is the scandal revealed at an inquest.

What do you propose to do—allow it to continue?

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Surrey County Council

DEAR SIRS,—You are promoting a Bill which, if passed, will give you control over the private schools in your area.

I commend your enterprise. I have long criticised the legal laxity which permits the shocking conditions to be found in many non-State schools, and I trust your action will persuade Parliament to give every county the powers you seek.

JOHN BULL.

The EXECUTIVE,
British Health Resorts Association

DEAR SIRS,—When you call at the War Office to protest against the decision to charge seaside resorts more for the hire of Army bands, I hope you will remember the claims of civilian musicians whose livings depend on their bookings.

After all, Army bands are subsidised bands. Don't let us have people driven out of jobs by taxpayer's money.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. E. FOGG,
Bolton

DEAR MR. FOGG,—I am pleased to hear from you, who refereed last season's Cup Final, that bad language and foul play are fast disappearing from the football field, and that players are more ready to respect the referee's ruling.

Unfortunately, a similar tendency on the part of spectators in certain districts is not so marked.

Professional football is still the prejudice of a snobbish minority. But that prejudice could never survive if determination to "play the game" was equally keen on and off the field.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. PADDEN,
Ballina, Co. Mayo

DEAR MADAM,—The supposed Irish trait of acting first and thinking afterwards has led you into performing a very gallant deed.

Had you stopped to remember that you are the mother of six young children you might have hesitated before plunging into a flooded river to rescue a blind man.

As it was, you managed to hold his head above water until help arrived—an action which compels my admiration.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Wortley Rural Council, Yorks

DEAR SIR,—"More babies, less rent" is your motto for the council housing estate.

Splendid! And I hope you favour the idea of more babies, more rooms. Too many authorities have the same sized houses for families with many children as for those with none.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. G. HEMMERDE, K.C.,
Recorder of Liverpool

DEAR SIR,—"Such wages merely invite dishonesty and are a public scandal."

So you said when binding over a woman who had stolen from her employer. A clerk earning 25s. a week, she had to maintain herself and her ten-year-old child, and assist her mother and out-of-work brother.

I rejoice that you took into account her long years of hard work and declared that her employer was entitled to no consideration from the Court. Above all, I hope that other low-wage firms will heed the lesson of this case.

JOHN BULL.

Scout JAMES DAWSON,
Newcastle

DEAR JIM,—In the last eighteen months you have undergone eight operations for a spinal disease and paralysis of both legs. But you have managed to keep cheerful and full of endeavour to make the best of things.

Now, at the age of sixteen, you have been awarded the Cornwell Badge certificate for "courage, capability and character." I think you've earned it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. M. S. GIBB: You'd like George Stephenson's statue flood-lit. Supposing it led to every statue being lit. What an eyesore London would become!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GUY W. KEELING,
3, Bulstrode Street, London, W.1

DEAR SIR,—Next April the first Q Camp will open to give a second chance to young social misfits, an admirable experiment which I recently described.

I am glad to hear that you have already secured more than £500 towards the £2,000 required, and I sincerely hope the warm-hearted will enable you to raise the remainder during the next few weeks.

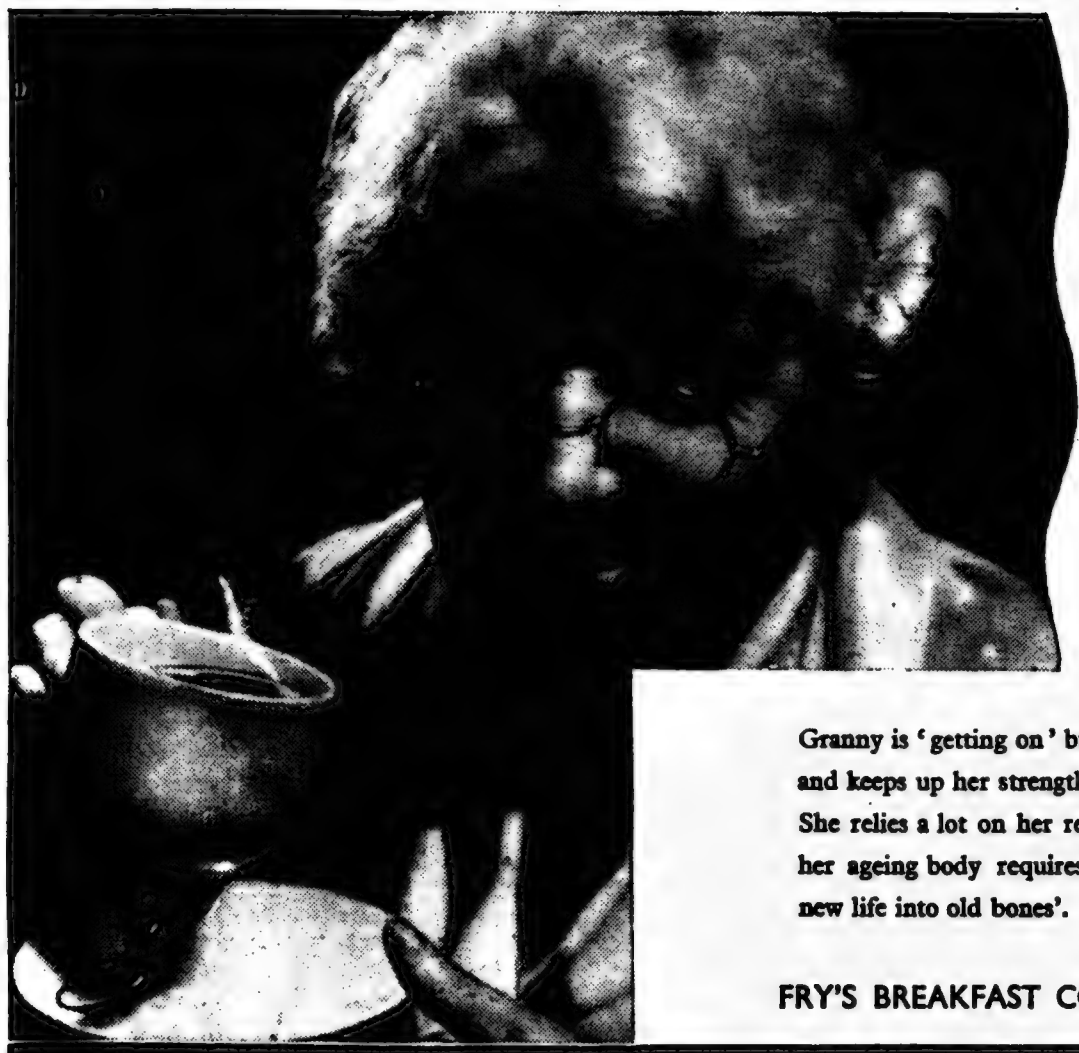
JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE,
Oxford

DEAR SIRS,—Because a man has been "a good customer of public houses" all relief to him has been stopped, and, apparently, his wife must starve.

You have shown by your discussion that you feel your own position very keenly. Is it too late to do something for a woman every bit as deserving of life as the wife of a total abstainer?

JOHN BULL.



The Vicar says

I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

Granny is 'getting on' but everyone remarks on the wonderful way she gets about and keeps up her strength and energy.

She relies a lot on her regular cup of Fry's Cocoa. It gives her just the stimulant her ageing body requires. Its strengthening properties, as she would put it, 'put new life into old bones'. And she *does* enjoy it!

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA PER ¼ LB. NET WEIGHT 5½d

FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

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You can't do without Wheat

..AND IN THIS FOOD YOU GET

WHEAT THAT'S AS NICE

AS IT IS NOURISHING

• It is easy to understand why millions of people are enthusiastic about Shredded Wheat. Health, pleasure and economy are the qualities which have won their regard—qualities which this famous Breakfast Food offers in the fullest degree. Health, because every atom of the whole wheat's goodness is distributed evenly throughout every particle of Shredded Wheat, providing that extra nourishment and sustenance which are so essential to the daily well-being of every member of the family. Pleasure—because no one can help liking the wholesome wheaten flavour of Shredded Wheat and especially its extreme lightness and digestibility and because it can be served in so many appetising ways. These are the reasons why over a million wise-spending women make Shredded Wheat a regular household order.

You get most food-value in SHREDDED WHEAT

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THUNDER over U.S.A.

"Roosevelt will not take the blow from the Supreme Court lying down. He is a fighter, and he will fight"

by

A. G. Gardiner

THIS is the Presidential election year in the United States, and it has opened with a cyclone. That solemn body the Supreme Court has in one devastating decision wrecked the whole structure of the President's "New Deal" and flung America back into the chaos from which it seemed to be painfully emerging.

Before discussing the vast issue that has been sprung on the country, let us look at the immediate situation that confronts Roosevelt.

I am no thick-and-thin supporter of the President. He has made colossal mistakes. He has plunged first in one direction; then he has plunged in the opposite direction. He has not had one policy. He has had every policy in turn.

But two things may be confidently said for him. First, that his integrity and disinterestedness are above suspicion. Second, that he took command of the ship when its wreck seemed imminent, has borne his head and his spirit high in the midst of the tempest and has kept the vessel afloat.

No President in history took office in such sensational circumstances as he did. On the day he delivered his Inaugural Address to Congress, America was in panic. The financial system had collapsed. Every bank was closed. Fifteen million workpeople were on the streets. There was no "dole," no insurance, nothing but charity, and charity, too, was beggared.

The greatest and most prosperous country the world had ever seen had crashed "with hideous ruin and combustion down to bottomless perdition."

SO it seemed. Of course it was not so. A great nation is not so easily and so finally destroyed. Three years have passed—years of gigantic experiments, some bad, some good, and America begins to breathe again.

But now comes this shattering blow. The most tremendous problem that Roosevelt had to handle was the case of the farmers. They had been ruined—not as English farmers understand "ruin," but literally reduced to universal bankruptcy and starvation. It was their ruin that reacted on industry and shattered the banks by thousands.

How did Roosevelt set about this gigantic salvage work? He proclaimed "A New Deal." The purpose of that New Deal was just and wise. It was to secure a more fair distribution of the wealth of the community. The financier was getting too much, the producer too little.

Some of the schemes of the New Deal were a failure—the N.R.A. for example. But one was admittedly working with success. It was the A.A.A.—the Agricultural Adjustment Act—which provided for processing taxes levied to enable "benefits" to be paid to the farmer. Through this instrument agriculture was recovering.

And it is this instrument that the Supreme Court has now pronounced unconstitutional. It has killed the New Deal—not only in relation to the wheat farmers, but in relation to all forms of producers: cotton, coal, potatoes, tobacco, sugar.

By a stroke of the pen Roosevelt's budget is destroyed. £100,000,000 of revenue on which he had reckoned is cut off. And the Government is not only forbidden to levy the processing taxes any more: it is liable to refund the £200,000,000 which had already been levied and paid out to the farmers.

Thus Roosevelt is faced with the alternative of allowing the farmers to collapse again into ruin or of finding other means of financing them out of the public funds. What he will do we shall not know until he tells us. But we know that he will not take this blow lying down. He is a fighter and he will fight.

And that brings me to the issue which the conflict raises. It is not a new issue: it is an old issue—the oldest in the history of the United States. But it has come now to a crisis. It must be fought out and settled if the nation is to survive as a political unit.

It is not easy for us to appreciate that issue, for happily we have a system of government that functions. To parallel what has happened in America, we must suppose that the Chancellor of the Exchequer having proposed a new tax or the Prime Minister having introduced a new piece of legislation and Parliament having sanctioned either or both, the matter is taken before the judges at the Law Courts and declared to be unconstitutional, and, therefore, null and void.

Of course, such an absurdity cannot happen. We are governed by the High Court of Parliament, and when Parliament has voted a new tax or passed a new Act, it is final. There is no power in the State that can challenge it.

But, as I say, we have got a Government that functions. America has not. It has got instead a Constitution that doesn't function—a rigid piece of machinery fashioned 156 years ago for a pastoral community, machinery in which the mighty nation of to-day is strangled and fettered.

AS President Wilson once said: "The American Constitution is like a too tight waistcoat: when you button it up in front it bursts out behind." It is a thing of shreds and patches, of balances and restrictions, cunningly devised to prevent action.

In this country, the people elect Parliament, Parliament controls the Executive and the Executive acts. That is democracy. But in America the legislation is divorced from the Executive, the functions of government are distributed between the Union and the Separate States, between the legislature, the Executive and the President, and the veto in internal matters rests with the judiciary.

The core of the mischief is the old conflict between the Federal Government and State rights. It is this conflict that has led to the present crisis. The Supreme Court holds that the taxes levied for the farmers by the Federal Government are an interference with State rights The Federal Government cannot act for the whole. Each of the forty-eight States must act for itself. The fact that the thing is impossible does not concern the lawyers. The law must be obeyed though the heavens fall and the farmers perish.

IT is as though Mr. Walter Elliot, after getting Parliament's consent to his Pig Boards and Milk Boards and Potato Boards, was told by the judges that the thing could not be done. It was an interference with the rights of the County Councils. If done at all it must be done by them.

It is possible that Roosevelt will get out of the present dilemma. Indeed, he must get out of it or America will be flung back into inconceivable chaos.

But it is not enough to escape from this emergency. It has revealed the unworkableness of the Constitution with a menace that cannot be disregarded. If the American Union is to survive, it must have a Government that will work. The curse of that rigid Constitution must be lifted, or in the end the Union will be broken up into fragments, and the great sacrifice of the Civil War will have been in vain.

Lincoln fought that war, primarily, not to free the slaves, but to save the Union, to preserve the United States from disruption, and from the fate of Europe with its multitude of warring States. He won and the Union was saved. But his work remains to be finished. The Union must be given a revised Constitution, and a Government that will function.

Is Roosevelt equal to so vast a task? Will America give him the commission to carry it through? These are the questions to which this fateful year should supply an answer.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Cradle Complexes

BE careful of your little child
And never, never smack it;
If it would fain break daddy's watch,
See that it does not lack it!
Don't thwart your boy in any way;
If he sets fire to granny,
Or, with his little wooden gun,
Attempts to shoot his nanny!

Unless you wish your infant son,
In after-life, to render
An obstinate and self-willed man,
When he is young and tender
You'll let him do just as he likes,
Nor seek his will to fetter;
You *think* you know what's good for him,
But baby knows much better!

How often have we seen a misguided mother snatch away the carpet tack upon which baby proposed making a meal! The foolish woman thinks she is acting for her infant's good, but this only shows how little knowledge of mothercraft is possessed by mothers.

Most mothers simply do not know how to bring up their children. If they want to learn wisdom, they must sit at the feet of spinsters such as Miss L. de Lissa, principal of the Gypsy Hill Training College, who has made a learned study of Baby Bunting, with the aid of blueprints, blue books and blue stockings.

Statistics, Miss de Lissa informs us, prove that human beings are more obstinate between the ages of 20 months and two years than at any other time, including, apparently, even closing time.

"At this age," she says, "a child is beginning to feel his independence, and the desire for greater independence is strong within him. To attempt to dominate the child at this age merely sows the seeds of stubbornness and self-will."

Whatever mere mothers may think of this spinsterly pronouncement, it will be received with gurgles of joy from the population of cradleland, which will now claim the right to cut its capers before it has cut its teeth.

The new doctrine can be summed up in the slogan "Baby Knows Best." The demand that youth be allowed a chance at the helm is already out of date, for youth must yield to infancy. Any door at which the younger generation knocks must be opened immediately, lest, by thwarting babyhood, the seeds of future obstinacy and self-will are sown.

If only this profound psychological truth had been appreciated by grandpa's mother and Colonel Gout's nanny, granddad would not be the stubborn old bohunkus he unquestionably is, and there might even be less pig-headedness at Poona.

Some sit around in club armchairs and
some from bath-chairs glare.
The oldsters who were youngsters in
the days
When the hand that rocked the cradle
ruled the roost and babies were
Expected to conform to mother's ways.
But when each little mite was checked,
the evil seeds were dropped
Of self-willed stubbornness in later life;
So the Colonel's self-expression, which in
childhood's days, was stopped,
He uses on his batman and his wife!

Oh, mothers of the past, if for the future
you had cared,
How very different things might be
to-day!
If grandpa when young had had his finer
feelings spared,
He might not now go on in such a way!
Too long beneath the tyranny of obstinate
old boys,
In place and pow'r, subordinates have
groaned;
For, thwarted in their infancy, each
oldster now enjoys
The pleasures of a babyhood postponed!

Husband's Terrible Time

Forced to Watch His Wife Suffer

BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM, INSOMNIA

THOUSANDS of husbands even now must be watching their wives suffering.

Thousands of wives, too, must be watching the agony of husbands.

To such pain-darkened homes all over the world to-day's Yeast-Vite tribute will come as a shaft of sunlight to point the way to relief and freedom.

"I had a terrible time watching the agony of her," this husband writes. It was not one trouble from which his wife suffered, but a combination of troubles which ruin the lives of so many men and women.

But Yeast-Vite proved the master of them all! It settled her "touchy" stomach . . . it ended those terrible headaches . . . it eased the rheumatic agony and it gave her deep and refreshing sleep.

ONLY Yeast-Vite Brought Relief

Dear Sirs, *Liverpool,*

Since my wife started on Yeast-Vite she is a changed woman.

She used to suffer from **Biliousness, Headaches, and Rheumatism and Insomnia.** *I had a terrible time watching the agony of her. I tried almost every remedy until I bought a 1/3 bottle of your famous Tablets.*

I encouraged my wife to continue. This she did, and the little Tablets are the one and only cure practically for anything. They are worth a £1 per bottle. ***The virtue in them is nothing short of miraculous*** *and I defy any contradiction to my statement.*

My wife's life in my opinion and her opinion was saved by Yeast-Vite, *and believe me, quite a few of my wife's friends and neighbours are obtaining your little Tablets.*

I want to thank you once again. ***Bravo Yeast-Vite. My wife sends this with delight.*** *Thankfully, Sincerely,*

Mr. J. B.

To those who are agonised by pains in the head, limbs or body Yeast-Vite quickly brings glorious deliverance.

To those whose stomachs are unsettled, and who cannot digest their food, it restores the ability to eat and *enjoy anything!*

To those who are worried and worn out, depressed in spirits and debilitated in body, it means a new life of strength and cheerfulness.

Yeast-Vite's action is swift and sure! In a few minutes the feeling of wonderful buoyancy begins to pervade your frame. Pain vanishes, life takes on an entirely different aspect! In next to no time you are refreshed, renewed and reinvigorated!

NO CURE NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES OF YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

IF YOU ARE IN PAIN, NERVY, RUN-DOWN, WEAK OR DEBILITATED, IF YOU SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM, DIGESTIVE PAINS, OVER WORK, WORRY OR HEAVY-LIMBED LASSITUDE, TAKE TWO YEAST-VITE TABLETS AND FEEL FIT AND FRESH IN A FEW MINUTES.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 Min.
HEADACHES -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 Min.
LASSITUDE - -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 Min.
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 Min.
"NERVES" - -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 Min.
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 Min.
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	In 15/30 Min.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 Min.
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 Hours

Yeast-Vite

Brand

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

T.C.B.

WILY ARTHUR and his 40 THIEVES

Just a pawn in the game; his job is to keep the man higher up supplied with stolen cheque books . . .

A DANGEROUS gang, which works in the closest secrecy and includes some of the greatest forgers at large, is at present operating on an amazing scale from one end of the country to the other.

Though there are six or seven principals, who work for the most part in the background, there are in all quite forty men of the mixed classes in the gang — expert housebreakers, cheque thieves, car robbers, confidence tricksters and experts in larceny.

Before Mr. Ronald Powell, the Westminster magistrate, the other day, a well-dressed man was charged in the name of Stephen Crookes with receiving stolen property. He was described as a film artist, and told the police officer who arrested him that he had played in a number of films.

Actually he is a member of the criminal organisation to which we have referred, and has for a considerable time been very active in various ways.

Some time ago members of this gang, during an epidemic of house-breaking achievements in North-west London, entered a house at Finchley. Among the stolen articles was a cheque book. Shortly afterwards, cheques from this book, made out for substantial sums, were being freely distributed by other agents of the gang in different parts.

Different names

One, for example, was passed off on a tradesman at Crawley, Sussex. Investigations revealed that the man who had successfully negotiated it later turned out to be no other than Stephen Crookes!

Further enquiry disclosed the astonishing information that Crookes was one of a number of men touring the country passing forged cheques which, as in the Finchley instance, had been purloined from private houses which had been raided by other members of the gang.

Extremely plausible, this man found it no difficult task to raise money in this discreditable fashion, and though his outward appearance in no way suggested it, he has been convicted on eight different occasions for fraud and false pretences.

Describing him as a "pest to society," Mr. Roland Powell has now sent him to jail for another term, which is gratifying as far as it goes. The scandal, however, is that he is just a pawn in a big conspiracy, and that much greater criminals—who live in luxury by working "through" men like him—are still at large.

Since his arrest cheques clearly stolen by other members of the gang have been traced to some of Crookes' associates, and the police are satisfied that cheques being passed all over the country are the work of the same gang.

A casual arrest was made recently in London. A well-dressed man was arrested on a charge of obtaining money by a forged cheque which had been stolen in another of these robberies. In his possession the police found other cheque forms which had been similarly obtained. Once more investigations have yielded interesting results.

He turned out to be just another of the Crookes fraternity, dodging up and down the country distributing cheques which were the proceeds of the activities of the members of the housebreaking section of the gang. His record, too, is bad.

He has served penal servitude for serious offences, and has also been to jail for theft and false pretences, with an additional sentence for bigamy.

Though isolated captures of this type are all very well in their way, the police, despite concerted action, have not yet been able to get in tow with the more sinister criminals, "higher up." They hoped to do so a few weeks ago when, through the astuteness of a bank manager, they took into custody a man who, elegantly attired, had called at a South Coast bank and passed in the name of "Captain Shaw."

The "Captain" had in his possession cheques which had been forged in the name of a well-known customer at the bank, and one of these he presented over the counter. The clerk, noting that it was made out for an unusually large amount, took it to the manager, who at once asked "Captain Shaw" into his office.

Dramatic events then took place. The "Captain" made an excuse, left the bank hurriedly, and began to run. Members of the bank's staff gave chase and, after a severe struggle, "Captain Shaw" was held down until the police arrived on the scene.

He was remanded in custody, and, piecing evidence together, it was discovered that several cheques, most of which were the proceeds of robberies engineered by this gang, had been passed in different names in London and various provincial towns.

In fact, when he was subsequently questioned, he admitted that he was a bogus Captain, and that the name of Shaw was only one of his aliases.

The police know that he was a member of the gang in question, and that he had passed several cheques on a commission basis which was not only highly lucrative to him but did not involve him too deeply, as the cheques were forged by one band of associates and the thefts carried out by others.

Misleading

To judge "Captain Shaw" from his outward appearance one might well accept him at his word, for he never appeared in public unless he was exceedingly well groomed. Yet, as in the other cases we have cited, he had one thing in common with his associates—a bad record.

In the name of Edmund Grahame Rowe he had been to jail on several occasions, and two of his accomplishments in this respect were a sentence in Canada followed by deportation and three years' penal servitude in this country for false pretences and fraud.

Arising out of further discoveries since made, the authorities have laid by the heels two further members of this gang, named Thomas and Bramhill. Both had similarly been deported, and both have bad records.

The extent to which they had been working in the gang's interests may be gauged from the fact that Scotland Yard and provincial officers have been able to bring home to them fifty-seven housebreaking exploits, all of a major character, in numerous parts of the country!

Thus, slowly but surely, the ramifications of this amazing criminal organisation are being broken down, and there is now a possibility that at least one of the rogues still "higher up" will be shortly brought to book.

Superlative

He is a well-known criminal, of the superlative type, who has a string of aliases too numerous to mention here, but all of which are prefaced by the Christian name "Arthur."

His criminal record extends to Canada and America, too, and the authorities know that he has been financing underworld conspiracies for years. On one occasion, when a sequence of mysterious robberies occurred at a fashionable hotel, it was finally discovered that he had arranged them with an effrontery that can rarely have been equalled. He took an expensive suite at the hotel, won the confidence of some of the best guests, invited them to cocktail parties in his apartment, and, while they were there, arranged for accomplices to ransack their rooms.

Other men associated with this super adventurer have recently been under observation in connection with a series of lightning mansion robberies which took place, in one large area, at the close of last year. The chief feature of them was that a large number of cheque books were stolen, which, obviously, are now being utilised for forgery coups.

While this band of thieves is at work we urge all stores, hotel proprietors, traders and shopkeepers to be especially chary of cashing cheques for strangers, no matter how convincing the accompanying "story" may be.

The Trusty Shield

IT was a miserably wet night in a Lancashire mill town.

Rain that fell in torrents polished the cobbles that shone beneath the lamplight. Fountains gushed from a hundred gorged spouts. Altogether it was the sort of evening to spend at the fireside, and the empty streets showed how widely appreciated was the fact.

Slowly the level of the local canal rose and rose. Low-lying streets were lost under water as the drains struggled to deal with the rush of water, or gave up the attempt altogether. And so at last the flood reached the pavements, and then the doorsteps, and then the front doors, and at last began its encroachment of the houses.

Anxiously householders arose from the favourite chairs, aroused from their comfortable complacency by the menace.

Picture the scene in one home that was typical of many.

Soon the whole ground floor was a foot and a half deep in water. Carpets and floor-coverings, the joy of a woman who had pride in her home, disappeared beneath the ooze. Light furniture could be dragged upstairs, but there were many articles that could not be moved in time.

A terrible blow to that family—or would have been only for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free insurance scheme, which alone of such schemes provides for flood damage to the home.

Because the householder had filled in and sent away such a form as you will find reprinted on page 20 of this issue, the loss was borne by us.

That happened during the present winter. Now once again the flood demon has seized thousands of homes in its ruthless grasp. Before the present winter has run its course it will recur in many parts of the country, in many cases not once or twice but often.

What are you going to do about it? Signing that form is the wisest first step.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT! WHAT? Making Money selling Drapery Bargains, Silk Stockings, Gent's Socks from 1/11 doz. pairs. Why not you? Book of hints worth pounds free.—COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER, 4.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 10/-. Dinner sets free. 48 cups, scrs., 6/-. Glass & Hardware Catlg. & Guide free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A, 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

DRAPERY—WHOLESALE ONLY.—VESTS AND PANTS, 6/11 doz. LADIES' INTERLOCK KNICKERS, 6/11 dozen. 64-page Catlg. Free.—ARCHERS, 44, Castle Gate, NOTTINGHAM.

SMALLWARES, Hosiery, U'wear, Toilet Goods, Stationery, etc. Keen W'sale Price List Free.—FOX BROS. (Dept. J.), 33, Thomas-st., Manchester, 4.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

SOMETHING really new in clubs! The "Sn.t" Club is different. At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only, 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. Big commission. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices. Send p.c. NOW for catalogue.—Geo. Day, Ltd. (Dept. 2), 29, Altrincham Street, Manchester, 1.

A NEW CLUB. A BETTER CLUB. AN EASIER CLUB. EIGHTEX. Complete in eight weeks. High cash commission. No long delays. Four prices only, 2/-, 4/-, 6/-, 8/-. Wonderful bargains in Men's, Women's, Children's clothing, boots, shoes, household goods, etc., etc. No risk. No experience required. Send p.c. today for beautiful Art Catalogue. JAMES CLYDE & CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 93, ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.

HERE'S extra money for you. Fill in the coupon in LITTLEWOOD'S advt. on page 12 for a free copy of their 388-page unique catalogue and hints on forming and running a club, with details of commission and bonuses.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7), or write for details of training: 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, London; or 283, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. £5,000 successful pupils.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1936 (FREE). Contains information of pay, prospects and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

AIR Force.—Young Men will be wanted as Engineers Clerks, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

G.P.O. ENGINEERING Dept. (no experience required). Commencing over £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE, G.P.O., Engineers, Customs and Excise, Inspector of Taxes; no experience required. Open Examination; vacancies regularly available; ages 17-24.—Full particulars, with personal advice, free.—Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

A GREAT Guide to Careers—FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid Administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship and Public Services. Write to-day.—THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 569, Bush House, LONDON, W.C.2.

£500 in CASH PRIZES and FREE SCHOLARSHIPS for Civil Service Postal Training. Competition paper can be worked at home. If you are between the ages of 15 and 24 (either sex) send to-day for full details and entry form. Closing date, January 31st.—The Wallace Attwood College, Ltd., Dept. 19S, Victoria House, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1936 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO AND MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY: there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. 38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

WOULD you like two incomes? A Salesman often draws a Weekly Salary and Monthly Commission. You can quickly qualify for this work through home study, after which our Appointments Dept. will supply you with Introductions. —Write, 'phone (Hol. 8852), or call to-day for 32-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," to THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, LTD., Dept. 19L, VICTORIA HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.1.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE. — Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance exam. is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 831), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have Special Courses for Entrance and Promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars free, or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical, or Civil Service free.—Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

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SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line.

A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 87-89, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Send for special free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. roll. Bigger, Brighter, Bargain Book, 1936 designs, Post Free.—BRUCE & HALL (Dept. J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments. Masks. — List JB1635 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

HOW DO YOU Clean Your Shoes? A new, quick, easy way, needing no brushes, is described in an advertisement in this week's "Shop Window" on page 3.

PARENTS, give your children sensible home-work; portable typewriters on weekly terms. Write, Partington's, 31, Darlington St., Wigan.

BABY-CLOTHES. — EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Homes and Welfare centres. 75-Garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 35/-, or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including best flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro. (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

TAKE THIS HERB FOR YOUR CATARRH

I HAVE DISCOVERED A SIMPLE BUT WONDERFUL HERB WHICH FORMS PART OF MY PROVEN BALANCED FIVE-FOLD TREATMENT FOR ALL FORMS OF DANGEROUS CATARRH.

Thousands are walking about with deadly catarrh and don't know it. Thousands are treating one "symptom" and imagine they are treating the "complaint." I will tell you where they are wrong with my new sample test. You can wash your nose with the best spray that was ever made—you can use worthless inhalants and medicaments and still be miles from treating the source of this dangerous disease.

Run through these symptoms—but don't fall into the error that any one of these is the complaint—they are only symptoms which manifest the urgent need of striking at this foul complaint directly at its source to clear it from the system.

Don't be under any illusion. Catarrh, with the complications that follow, is a very serious trouble. It is so tenacious that every day you leave it, the deadly virulent mucus that drops from the throat to bronchial tubes, stomach, and bowels is reinfecting the whole system.

Don't delay another minute, fill in coupon below and I will show you a simple and rational method of tackling this great problem once and for all. Never mind what you have tried or your previous disappointments, my plan is based on a "no relief, no pay" principle, so that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

SAMPLE FREE

YOU HAVE CATARRH IF . . . . . .

Nose is blocked.
YOU HAVE HEAD NOISES.
YOUR HEARING IS FAILING.
Mucus drops in your throat.
You have loose cold.
Breathing difficult.
You catch cold easily.
Your Breath is foul.
Your throat is sore.
YOU ARE SUBJECT TO HAY FEVER.
You get headache.
Your memory is failing.
You tire quickly.
Your tongue is coated.
You have pains after eating.
You are constipated.
You mouth-breathe.

BEWARE!

"I AM A NEW MAN"

"After years of suffering, I am sorry I did not hear of your wonderful Treatment before. I am a new man. I should like to meet you personally and shake you by the hand for your kindness. The Catarrh Treatment has done me more good than all the Doctor's medicines I ever had."
(MR.) H. BRADBURY,
28, Campbell Drive, Herringthorpe, Rotherham.

"I am certain your treatment has cured my Catarrh and Deafness, also the terrible head noises I suffered with for years. Thank you for your attention."
(MR.) C. FLETCHER,
Stevens Road, Becontree, Essex.

"I am glad to say your Treatment has made me a different man to what I was. My hearing has come back completely too; it was a lucky day for me when I saw your advertisement."
BERT HUDSON, Townsend St., Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.17
(Originals may be inspected at my office.)

First get my free sample test and free treatise which will show that my simple and inexpensive home treatment attacks Catarrh where it starts and breeds. Give this dread disease marching orders, clear it right out of the system. Write at once and I will convince you at my expense that I can prescribe for your case and banish finally your Catarrh.

FREE TEST COUPON

To ANGUS SINCLAIR (Dept. J.B/1.),
51, Avenue Chambers,
Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

Please send me free sample test with full directions and Treatise Booklet. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

Name .....

Address .....

PIN 1½d STAMP HERE J.B.18/1/36

BILLIARDS, complete sets from 22/- each, 4/- monthly, all Accessories. Snooker, Eagatelle, Table Tennis; amazing Value. 1d. p.c. brings list.—RAYMOND, address under "Musical."

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free —Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

TIMBER AT REDUCED PRICES. — Clean, sound Well-seasoned Deals, Matchings, Floorings, Planed Moulded Weatherboards, etc., suitable for all garden and home constructional work. Also asbestos glass, roofing felt, ironmongery. Free Catalogue No. 8 from WILSON & NORTH, 150, High Street, LONDON, S.E.9.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

A GIFT OFFER you must not miss. See advertisement centre of page 3.

THE AMBRON CORSET offered on page 31 can be secured for initial deposit of 1/-. Don't overlook this bargain offer.

THE NEW BERKELEY SUPERLAX EASY CHAIR makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The makers of this chair, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 70-78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue, giving details of this chair and other Berkeley models, which will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to their address, or to those who prefer it, fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 33.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1936 Catlg. & Gardening Guide, 144 pp., 367 photographs, 8 colour plates. Free to all readers of this paper, if mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh, 7.

FREE.—Beautifully illustrated gardening book. Full of hints and advice, with introduction by RICHARD SUDELL. Send a P.C. now to LASCO, LTD. (J.B.), Carruthers St., Liverpool, 3.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, Drums and Access., trumpets, guitars, etc. 1d. p.c. brings wonderful 64-p. 1936 cat. free.—TERMS, JB, Raymond and Co., 8, Lawrence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA, buy from the Blenders and save 6d. per lb.—Write for price list and free samples.—F. POULTER, Dane Place, Dew, London, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (639), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds and 'Flu. Extraordinarily effective and perfectly safe. Does not affect the heart. Recommended by doctors. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. In Powders and Tablets. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by Removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 24/32, Codnor, Derby.

A FREE sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 35.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc.; send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B 18), 40 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion. It cleanses the skin and cures all skin troubles.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N. 18, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 36.

CATARRH sufferers! Everyone who is subject to mild or severe attacks of catarrh should not overlook the free trial offer made by Angus Sinclair in the large advert. on this page.

FREE:—Generous Sample of WINCARNIS. If you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, give WINCARNIS a trial. Excellent for men and women who suffer from debility and jangled nerves. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Coleman and Co., Ltd. Dept. A.D.1, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, enclosing 1½d. stamps for postage, etc., or, better still, simply fill in the coupon on the front cover. Send this now!

FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. S.I.), 36, Thames House, Millbank, S.W.1. (See p. 30.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets, 1/11. Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing gifts and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

A FREE SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) from the advt. appearing on page 39.

IF YOU WANT the perfect hair dressing—use BRYLCREEM. It will help the shabbiest hair into the most lustrous and the driest scalp into the healthiest. See page 36.

ACCEPT this free offer. A large free sample of BIRD'S well-known Blancmange—enough for three full pints in three flavours — can be obtained by all *John Bull* readers who send their name and address, and part of an empty packet of BIRD'S Custard, to BIRD'S, Depart. F.27, Thames House, Millbank, London. Seize the opportunity now, before this unique offer is withdrawn. Send at once for your large sample of BIRD'S Blancmange—it's free if you comply with the simple condition.

STEEDMAN'S Famous Book, "Hints to Mothers," is offered free on page 30.

A FREE seven-day trial tube of CORO-SHAVE, the new brushless method of shaving, is offered to readers who simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Crown Perfumery Co., Ltd. (Dept. 37), 39, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage & packing. Enclose in a sealed envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp. See p. 36.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on page 39.

FREE. — Fennings' "Everybody's Doctor."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 29.

IF you would like to know more about the uses of SECCOTINE, the famous adhesive, write to Dept. J.B., Messrs. M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast, for free booklet. See p. 36.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on p. 39 to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

BAD ICE-CREAM

IN the last week of this month the great National Dairy and Ice-Cream Exhibition will be held at the Crystal Palace, London. By far the largest display of its kind organised, it will draw attention to every phase of modern development in the two industries represented.

Farmers, milk retailers, confectioners and general business men will come from all parts of the country to see what the exhibition offers to them.

With this important trade event at hand. JOHN BULL takes the opportunity of exposing a scandal which indirectly affects one of the chief sides of the exhibition.

It is the scandal of ice-cream as sometimes sold to the public.

Public-spirited firms

The well-known products of leading firms, such as those that bring ice-cream to our front door, and others who have done so much to popularise the consumption of the confection in this country, are, of course, above suspicion.

Indeed, these manufacturers are among the first to deplore the fact that there are certain makers who produce something that is not ice-cream at all, but only a palatable substitute passed off under an "omnibus" name.

Most people, if they were asked the question "What is ice-cream?" would give the obvious answer, "Frozen, sweetened cream." They would be completely wrong. They might give a dozen guesses of what constituted the ice without getting anywhere near the truth.

For this is the amazing fact: there is no official definition of ice-cream; no required legal standard of quality or of food content.

Almost any substance can be frozen and labelled as ice-cream or cream-ice.

Not British

Medical officers throughout Britain, who realise the evils arising from the sale of an undefined, unstandardised factory product, have been urging the need for legislation to impose restrictions and declare an official recipe.

These efforts have been energetically supported by all the leading members of the industry who have the public welfare at heart.

But nothing has been done. The old, intolerable position continues, and indeed grows worse.

In the absence of control, abuses have become systematic.

Quite safely it can be said that there is nothing British about some of the ice-cream sold in this country except the water.

Frequently use is made of foreign butter, which is emulsified—converted back into milk—with an addition of imported skimmed milk powder.

Other makers go farther, taking as their ingredients cottonseed, palm and other vegetable oils, which are mixed, flavoured, coloured and frozen to appear as ice-cream.

All this is done on the score of cheapness. Profits are higher by these methods than if fresh English milk and cream were purchased.

How impure certain classes of ice-cream can be is proved by an investigation recently carried out by the Medical Officer of Health at Bristol. Samples of the ice-cream sold in the city were taken and passed to Professor Walker Hall for examination. His report was to this effect:

Out of seventy-two samples examined, forty-seven contained organisms; seven yielded large numbers of streptococci; one held tubercle bacilli; and twenty-nine had an excess of extraneous matter.

Could anything be more disquieting?

"It is evident," declared the professor's report, "that ice-cream supplies are unsatisfactory from the public health standpoint. Perhaps it is not fully realised how the consumption of ice-cream has increased of late and how closely it is associated with the necessity for using clean and pasteurised milk.

"The finding of virulent streptococci in one of the samples led to the revelation that the ice-cream producer was using milk from a supply we had previously reported as 'streptococcal.'"

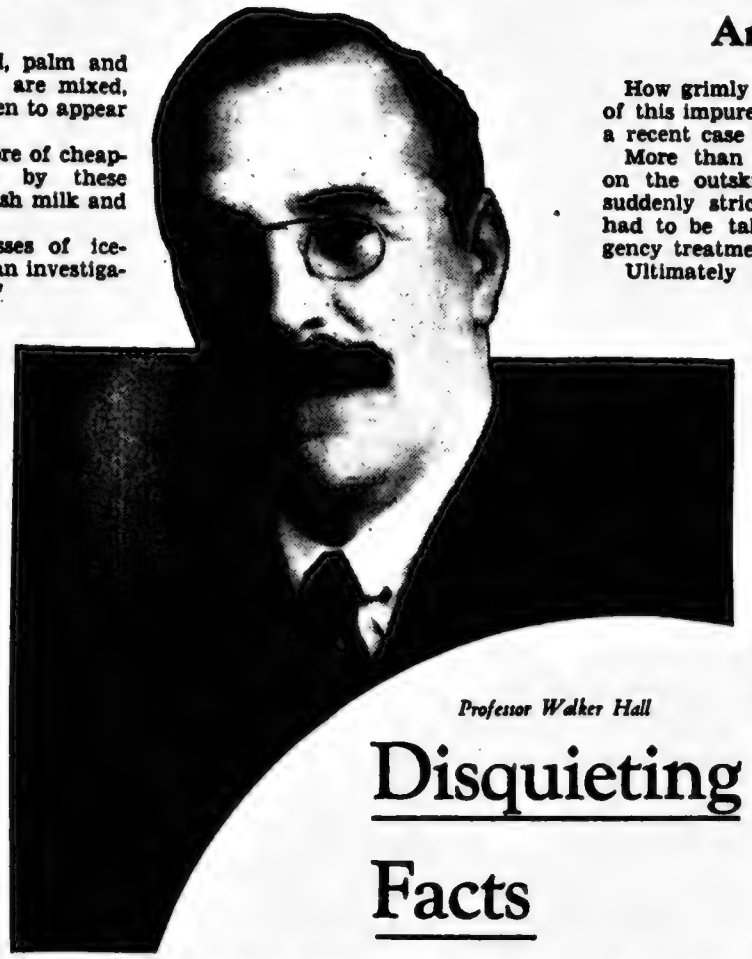
A point to be remembered in connection with this alarming condition of affairs is that freezing merely stops the growth of illness-causing organisms. It does not kill the germs. They remain in the product, dormant, but ever ready to do their deadly work

During last summer a special test was made of ice-cream sold in London.

Ten samples were secured by the bacteriologist to the City of Westminster. Eight of those samples did not reach the imposed standard. Analysis revealed "an excessive number of organisms which appear to indicate the need for greater cleanliness of the materials and the method of preparation."

Bristol, London, and then Scotland—the same unsatisfactory, unpleasant and even dangerous state maintained. For the County Medical Officer of Health for Fife declared to his council:

"Ice-cream was a kind of trade-mark for a frozen mixture of unknown composition, the contents of which were only known to the makers, and which might vary from day to day. Ice-cream has no recognised composition, and probably the great majority of ice-creams had no cream as the word was ordinarily understood."



Professor Walker Hall

Disquieting Facts

An enquiry

How grimly serious can be the effects of this impure ice-cream is indicated by a recent case from Holland.

More than a hundred people living on the outskirts of The Hague were suddenly stricken down by illness, and had to be taken to hospital for emergency treatment.

Ultimately the infection was traced to ice-cream which had been made in an improper manner.

With the close of the National Dairy and Ice-Cream Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, new efforts are to be launched with the object of securing by legislation protection of the public from the ice-cream dangers

A convention to discuss the whole problem is to be held, supported by the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Agriculture, the Milk Marketing Board, medical officers of health, farmers, dairymen and the Ice-Cream Association.

There reforms will be tabulated. They will include proposals for:

A minimum standard of quality and composition for ice-cream, with the suggestion that only British ingredients should be used.

The registration with local authorities—in the same way as dairymen have to be registered—of all makers and purveyors of ice-cream.

We commend those suggestions to the attention of the proper authorities. It is absolutely essential that they should be converted into law.

Before the growing year brings another summer, appropriate action must be taken in order that the public may be safeguarded.

Coming—on the Films

What's "on the films" in 1936? The answer is in the great 80-page Double Number and Film Guide of *The Picturegoer*, now on sale, price twopence. Read about Claudette Colbert's life story, the Private Life of Alexander Korda, Maurice Chevalier's most thrilling moment, Alfred Hitchcock on thrills, and Sam Eckman's thoughts on stars and the public!

Eighty gleaming pages for twopence! Get your copy to-day before it is too late.

New Finance Wizard

RECENTLY a new wizard of finance has made his bow to the long-suffering public. He is Duncan Wrayburn, of Duncan Wrayburn Securities, 1930, 107, Brownhill Road, Blackburn, Lancs.

Many readers have received circular letters from this man, who on his letter-heading declares in underlined italics:

* * *

"I guarantee a profit of £100,000 on an outlay of £250."

As an afterthought, he adds:

"This offer cannot be accepted until officially announced in the Press in the near future." What this means is as clear as mud.

To a London reader this wizard of finance, who is so anxious to make money for people other than himself, wrote in the following somewhat breathless manner:

"Dear Sir,—£10,000 in fifty weeks—£200 per week from an investment of only £250.

"Can you do it? I can and will.

"I'll make you £500 during the first fourteen weeks, and increase it to £10,000 during the following thirty-six weeks.

"Better still, I'll do this under an agreement and a guarantee covering you against all loss."

It is not surprising that Duncan Wrayburn insists that his motto is "Investment without loss," which may mean without loss to Wrayburn.

Those who have sent for further particulars of this get-rich-quick scheme are promptly told that Wrayburn regrets that the offer of £10,000 in fifty weeks has been "temporarily withdrawn and will not be put up again for some months."

Anxious to lessen the disappointment of this depressing news and always anxious to oblige, he sends particulars of a new service which will make anybody's fortune in record time.

The new idea is large weekly investments in two well-known football pools. Under scheme "A" the fee is £50, with winnings guaranteed at not less than £2,500. Scheme "B," with a fee of £100, secures a guarantee of £7,500 in winnings!

"All winnings are sent to you in cash," explains Wrayburn, "immediately they are received from the Pools concerned, such winnings being subject to a commission of 15 per cent. on wins of £100 and over."

* * *

He then points out that the proposed agreement is for fourteen weeks and demands that he shall send in 120 coupons under Scheme "A," and the same number under Scheme "B," making a total of 240 coupons a week.

With Wrayburn's kindly assistance, enquirers are assured that it is "almost impossible to lose"!

To impress potential clients he encloses guarantee and agreement forms which are doubtless intended to look impressive.

And it is made clear that each client's 240 football forecasts are to be sent in under a nom-de-plume, use being made of Wrayburn's address, which he explains "as an agent is permitted."

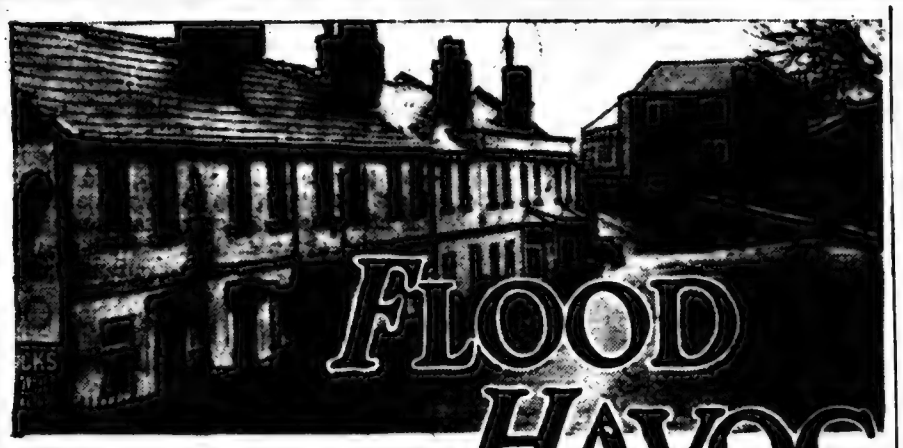
Since he is acting as an agent for the Football Pools, is Wrayburn going to draw commission from the promoters of the pools, and also commission on the winnings of his clients?

In addition, he is in the happy position of not investing a penny of his own money, since his clients are providing the coupon money.

One thing is certain. Under this very clever scheme it is impossible for Duncan Wrayburn to lose.

Having carefully considered these amazing get-rich-quick offers of Duncan Wrayburn, we can only suppose that there are plenty of sportsmen about who don't mind taking a chance!

Obviously if this clever person can make a profit of £100,000 on an outlay of £250, he has only to sit back in his armchair and wait for the money to roll in. Why should he take the trouble of offering this certain way of making a fortune to all and sundry?



FLOOD HAVOC

IS YOUR HOME SAFEGUARDED?

A Reader Thanks "John Bull."

"I WISH to take this opportunity of sincerely thanking you for cheque received. I also wish to pay respect to the way in which the transaction was carried through. I found everything most straightforward, and 'John Bull' certainly lives up to what it preaches through its columns. It is a great boon to any reader who may be similarly placed."

In these simple, homely words a JOHN BULL reader acknowledges a cheque sent to him as Flood Benefit under JOHN BULL'S great Free Family Insurance Gift. The extent of this reader's loss can be gathered from the fact that the water in the ground floor rooms of his home reached a height of 18 inches.

The splendid manner in which JOHN BULL always comes promptly to the assistance of its registered readers in time of need is the reason why our readers have enthusiastically acclaimed the magnificent Gift of Security of JOHN BULL'S great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1936.

Their appreciation emphasises the practical lines on which the scheme is based, which make it an ideal form of family protection.

Great storms and floods have been turning streets into rivers. Your home may so far have missed the havoc caused by the angry elements, but remember, gales, storms resulting in more great flooding of vast areas may occur **to-morrow** . . . in "JOHN BULL"—the only paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefit fact, at any moment. **WHO KNOWS?** You cannot be too quick in safeguarding not only yourself and your family, but your home. It won't take you a moment to fill up the forms below, **and that is all you have to do** to obtain the unique and unparalleled protection provided by JOHN BULL'S great Free Family Insurance Gift.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

JOHN BULL is the **only** paper to safeguard your precious possessions against damage caused by mankind's most dread enemy—**FIRE**—and against Storm, **Flood** and Tempest damage. Again JOHN BULL is the only paper to pay generous Sickness Benefits.

ADDITIONAL PROTECTION FOR WIDOWS.—JOHN BULL'S special new Benefit provides additional protection for widows. In future, the benefit of a registration effected by a widow will extend also to an only son or daughter who is the breadwinner. One registration will accordingly entitle both the widow and her breadwinner to all the benefits provided.

WIDE RANGE OF PRACTICAL BENEFITS.—Home Accidents, Children's Accidents, Sports Accidents, Boating and Bathing Fatalities, Protection Against Loss by Burglary, Damage to your Wireless Set by Lightning—these are just a few of the many other Benefits provided by JOHN BULL'S comprehensive Insurance Gift.

Fill up the forms below at once, and you will make every day of this year a security day, not only for yourself but for your dependants.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B.18/1/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 18/1/36.

Stomach Pain is Nature's Wireless

Don't wait for the S.O.S.

Nature has many ways of warning the sufferer from stomach trouble that all is not well. Heaviness or dullness after eating, distension of the stomach, flatulence ("wind"), heartburn—these are warning symptoms that should never be ignored.

It may be that acidity is eating into the delicate lining of your stomach and laying the foundation of a very serious illness. That acidity has got to be attacked with the right weapon and attacked NOW. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder neutralises acidity from the first dose. It has cured thousands of a stomach condition that was fraught with really serious danger—the dreaded gastric or duodenal ulcer.

Never dilly-daily with stomach trouble. Don't wait for the S.O.S. which means an operation. Treat yourself immediately with the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle, which has brought lasting relief to thousands. (See letters below.)

Why Alex. C. Maclean Brand Relieves:

Alex. C. Maclean Stomach Powder does this:—

(1) Puts a protective coating over the inflamed or delicate parts of the stomach, thus preventing the development of dangerous ulcers, etc.

(2) Neutralises the acid which is eating into the stomach wall and causing pain.

(3) Cleans the stomach and enables the body to extract its proper nourishment from your food.

(4) Cleanses the intestines, thus preventing food waste from poisoning the system.

THESE MESSAGES WILL CHEER EVERY STOMACH SUFFERER

SEVERE INDIGESTION OVERCOME

"I feel it my duty to say how thankful I am since taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

"Just a year ago now I was taken ill with very severe Indigestion. I tried several remedies, but none did me so much good as yours. I have recommended it to several friends.

"The first lot I bought was 1/-, it had 'Macleans' on the tin, but I found it was only a substitute. Now I always keep Maclean Brand Stomach Powder in the house, and again I must say it is a godsend."
—Mrs. A. Ross (Maidenhead).

GASTRITIS KEPT HIM FROM WORK

"I had a very bad attack of Gastritis which kept me away from work for several weeks. After doctor's medicine had failed, it was suggested that an operation was the only cure.

"My wife advised me to try Alex. C. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, which I did. After three 2/- bottles I was completely cured. It also helped me to regain the 14 lbs. which I lost during my illness.

"I shall still continue to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder regularly, and can highly recommend it to other sufferers from Gastritis."
—Mr. F. W. CORNWALL (Arundel).

3 LONDON HOSPITALS FAILED TO STOP PAIN

"I feel it a duty to write this, which should be shown to sufferers from all gastric ailments.

"I have been in three London hospitals with Duodenal Ulcers, and try as they did, I could get no relief from pain.

"I tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and gave it up after a few doses, but my wife, who had faith in it, urged me to keep on with it.

"I did, and at last I am a new man, and heaven knows what a cessation of pain means to me."
—Mr. C. VOCE (Paddington).

Look for this signature

Alex. C. Maclean

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but **only in bottles in cartons**, both bearing the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" which is your guarantee. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

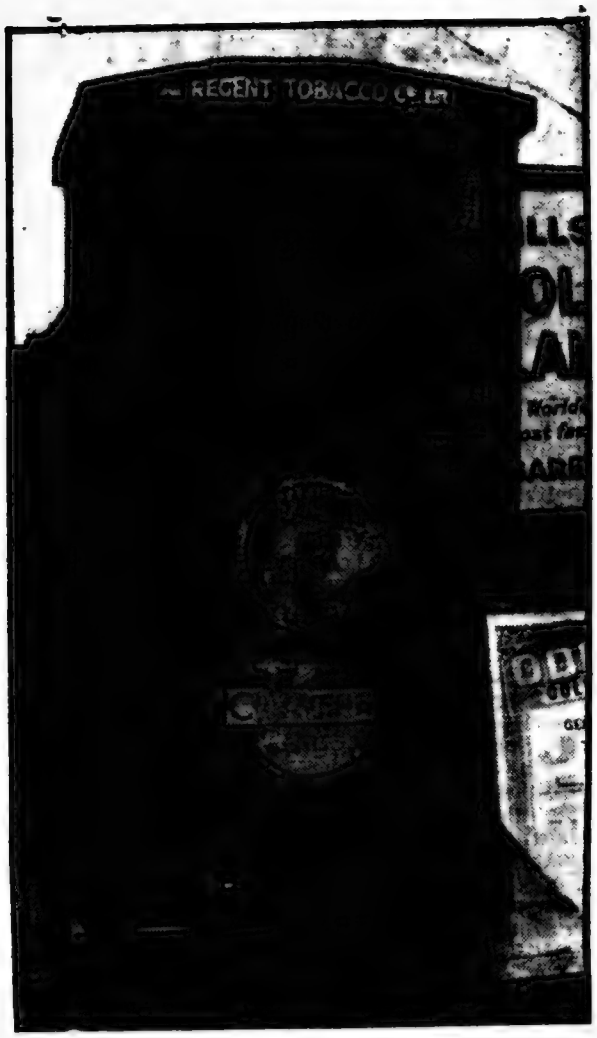
MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

The "Signature" Brand

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT HUMBUG

EXPOSED by Sir Wyndham CHILDS



One of the kiosks—now empty—of the Regent Tobacco Co.

A LONDON doctor has laid before me evidence that a certain enterprising company promoter has been on the warpath again.

My informant, who is the senior medical officer of a well-known private hospital, writes: "I consider that you would be doing a great service to the investor by publishing details of the methods of this man."

And I agree, for "this man" is no other than elderly, plausible, benign David Francis Alexander, of Hillside Drive, Edgware, Middlesex, who last came under my notice dabbling in an automatic machine venture.

From the records in my office the picturesque financial trail of Alexander and of certain members of his family can be followed over a period of years.

Alongside the trail are strewn the losses of many investors.

So I give the unhappy experience of my doctor informant in the hope that this time the lesson will be learnt, and individuals with money saved or to spare will give a wide berth to the financial schemes of David Francis Alexander.

The story began when, owing to a breakdown in health, Mrs. Alexander—the wife of David—was a patient in the institution controlled by the doctor.

Well-told

More than a year ago Alexander called on the doctor and explained to him that he was in rather serious financial embarrassment, that he was an undischarged bankrupt, and really couldn't afford to pay the full fees charged for his wife's hospital treatment. Consequently, would the doctor use his good offices in trying to secure a reduction in the scale of fees?

One thing at least which Alexander proved effectively was his ability to tell a heartrending story with conviction.

He influenced the doctor's sympathies, and as a result an arrangement was reached whereby Mrs. Alexander should continue as a patient on reduced payments. The doctor out of the kindness of his heart undoubtedly did Alexander a good service in this particular matter.

The next stage was reached when, some time afterwards, Alexander visited the doctor again—this time on a different errand.

In effect, he said: "Doctor, you have helped me. Now I want to assist you in return to show my gratitude."

Explanations followed of how the doctor was to be recompensed. Alexander had through the due lapse of time (a suspension of five years) secured his discharge from bankruptcy. He was able to take an active personal part in company direction again, and had a scheme for establishing retail tobacco kiosks in the north-western belt of Middlesex suburbs.

Profits, if the undertaking went well, were certain; each kiosk would work on the theory of quick returns. A company was to be formed and there was a splendid chance for the doctor of making money if he would invest capital in the concern.

Because of Alexander's accomplished "sales talk" the doctor became interested. He really did think that the man had a sound and reasonable proposition and meant to carry it through.

So the Regent Tobacco Co., Ltd., was duly formed—a private company with a capital of £5,000 divided into 5s. shares.

At the outset 4,082 shares were issued. The doctor paid for £1,000 worth out of his savings.

Asked for more

Other investors were: Mrs. A. E. Nagle Alexander, the wife of old Alexander's son, £10; and Miss D. R. Alexander, a daughter, 5s.

All the effective capital was provided by the doctor. Among the original directors were Mrs. Nagle Alexander, although later in the company's life David Francis Alexander was appointed to the board.

Business was commenced in February of last year from offices in Station Road, Edgware—at which other companies of the same control were housed—and a few kiosks opened for trade.

The prospects held out by Alexander to the doctor did not materialise, and only one kiosk earned any profits.

Consequently, Alexander came petitioning the doctor for further investment, insisting that additional capital was imperative if the company was to be saved.

Thoroughly uncomfortable over the whole position the doctor as chief shareholder instructed an accountant to make an investigation of the books.

Inspection revealed an extraordinary position. Out of the subscribed capital of £1,020, no less than £430 had been spent in what was classed in the books as "foundation expenses."

Another £400 had been paid by the Regent Tobacco Company to Ruttalex, Ltd.—one of the Alexander group—for home sale cigarette cabinets, the value of which was questionable.

By resolution of the board David Francis Alexander had received £75 for the use by the company of an invention "for the delivery of cigarettes in shops." There were other substantial items of expenses, and the directors had voted themselves remuneration at the rate of £300 per annum from the inception of the company. David Francis Alexander was to receive fees on the same scale as chairman.

It was plain to the accountant that in a comparatively short period the resources of the company had been expended, and no adequate funds were available for normal trading.

The doctor was thus faced with the realisation that his investment of £1,000 was worthless.

In such a way did David Francis Alexander show his gratitude to the professional man who had befriended him!

Nor is that all. He has not paid even the reduced fees to the medical institution where his wife was a patient. He owes a sum of about £200 for that.

Mrs. Nagle Alexander, and finally David, resigned their directorships of the Regent Tobacco Co., Ltd.

This company is now under the direction of a retired civil servant and his wife, living at Watford, who has had past connections with the Alexanders.

I shall be anxious to hear what these two people make of the company. So far the files at Somerset House do not show the shareholding interest of the new directors in the company.

On two previous occasions JOHN BULL has had occasion to criticise the financial dealing of David Francis Alexander. It dealt with his exploits at Eastbourne some years ago.

Pet trick

Later I criticised the Ruttalex Co., Ltd., which made a speciality of selling home-sale cigarette cabinets to customer-agents, and advertised that £250 a year and upwards was assured on a capital of £175.

I said then that the proposition was fantastic, and warned my readers against the propaganda of Ruttalex, Ltd.

Since then an order has been made by the Court, on the petition of a creditor, for the compulsory winding-up of the company.

Out of the £5,000 subscribed by members of the public to Ruttalex, no less than £1,090 went in "promotion expenses."

So I repeat, place no trust at all in any project put forward by David Francis Alexander.

A SHOE SELL

WHILE it is true that "there is nothing like leather," it is equally true that there is nothing quite like the audacity of Max Newman and Lily Newman, who trade as John King and Co., Ltd., of St. George Street, London Docks.

Max Newman's method is to buy up quantities of junk and salvage stock, which goods are advertised in newspapers all over the country.

Sometimes the advertisement will offer "job lines of new shoes at the astonishing price of eighteen shillings a dozen pairs"!

One small trader nibbled at this bait and sent for a sample pair of which he had no cause to complain. His confidence thus established, he sent off an order for a dozen pairs.

After some delay he received a dozen pairs of boots instead of shoes. Again, after considerable correspondence, he received shoes which were nothing like the sample; they were, in fact, dear at any price and quite unsaleable.

The volume of complaints about the methods of John King and Co., Ltd., has been so great that a number of publications have barred the advertisements of this firm.

Great Encyclopedia Offer

JOHN BULL readers have a great topic of conversation just now. It is the wonderful JOHN BULL New Year Presentation to every reader of the famous ten-volume British Encyclopedia and two-volume Companion Dictionary.

Time is slipping by, and then the opportunity will soon be gone for ever. Such a work as this may never come your way again.

Here are twelve grand volumes, beautifully illustrated and produced, bearing the seal of authority of a hundred distinguished experts—*the men and women who really know.*

You will know your world if you possess this masterpiece. In it is the concentrated knowledge of a thousand books.

Tere are 7,000 pages, 5,000,000 words, over 500,000 facts, and nearly 3,000 maps, diagrams and illustrations.

* * *

In it you can roam across the most diverse fields of knowledge—knowledge made fascinating and thrilling. Ask this Encyclopedia anything! It will tell you all. Worth £4 4s., this work can be yours for only a few shillings.

Turn right away to pages 4 and 5 and sign and send those reservation forms to-day.

SAVE THE MOTHERS—2

NO ROOM

Scandal of the Overcrowded Maternity Ward

PROFESSOR AMY FLEMING, of the Royal Free Hospital, London, is one of the most renowned authorities in the country on the medical problems of maternity. She is equally known as a teacher, a surgeon and as an expert on national hospital needs and organisation.

Addressing a group of ante-natal care workers not long ago, she said: "If people show signs of appendicitis they are promptly bundled off to hospital. No doctor would think of operating on them except where he had every facility provided by medical science. *Then why is it that we still expect doctors to perform far more dangerous operations, in childbirth, in houses where there are no facilities whatever?*"

Professor Fleming gave the answer—the shocking lack of maternity beds which is general throughout the country.

Big cities are little better off than small towns. London, which boasts the finest hospital service in the country, is, in proportion to its population, worse off than Leicester for maternity accommodation. Glasgow, where recent returns stated that 25 per cent. of the births take place in hospitals and maternity homes, is comparatively little better placed than Gloucester.

There is, as JOHN BULL pointed out last week, a direct connection between this grievous inadequacy of accommodation and the high rates of maternity mortality.

A doctor or a midwife does not recommend a mother's admission to hospital without knowing her case is going to be complicated and dangerous. Yet there is a general rule throughout the country that *no woman can be admitted to a hospital bed until she is actually in labour.*

By this rule, which ensures that each patient occupies a bed for the shortest possible time, the hospitals hope to cope with the demand without having to extend the number of beds.

Rigid rule

But while the results of this "mass production" confinement system may be admirable as far as hospital finance is concerned, the effect on the patient is often disastrous.

Even in the very best of hospitals it is fair neither to patient nor staff for things to be left to the last minute in this fashion. Often enough, the woman is distressed and exhausted by having to make a rush journey from her home; and the surgeon has a situation suddenly forced on him that might have been prepared for, or even avoided, if the patient could have had even two days of rest and observation in the maternity ward before her travail.

In the bad hospitals the rigid application of this rule produces many examples of tragic suffering.

We have a case before us of a Lancashire woman reader who tells us that, acting on the advice of her family doctor, who anticipated a "difficult" confinement, she had "booked" a bed at the local hospital nearly two months before the baby was due.

One day she knew that her time had arrived, and, with the assistance of the district nurse, she got her clothes together and set off for the hospital—a six-mile journey.

When she arrived she received a cursory "examination" in a waiting room, and was then told that she had come too early and must go home again. Pleading was of no avail, and she was forced to accept their opinion against her own knowledge. "If we don't know, what are we here for?" said a nursing sister.

So the poor woman had to leave for home again. Four hours after she got home the baby was born—dead—and she herself hovered for weeks between life and death owing to dangerous post-natal complications which had set in.

In some hospitals the "no admission until in labour" rule is strengthened by another order which insists on advance booking of such beds as are available. The hospital's committee simply refuses to accept true emergency cases.

There was an appalling example some time ago of how this rule works when a woman actually gave birth to a baby in the street, after she had been turned away from a hospital.

In another case the surgeon at a Cumberland hospital was publicly acclaimed because he defied the committee's ruling and admitted an emergency case for immediate operation when, if he had obeyed orders, he should have sent her on a hazardous journey to a hospital in another county!

At a conference of the Transport and General Workers' Women's Guild last year the rules affecting maternity admissions, and the gross overcrowding which exists in South Wales hospitals, came in for some bitter denunciation.

One speaker, Mrs. Rawnson, of Barry Docks, mentioned a similar case to that we have quoted above—of a mother who went for examination and admission to a Cardiff hospital, but was sent home again—where her baby was born two hours later!

She cited other cases where women in labour were forced to undergo long ambulance journeys from hospital to hospital vainly seeking admission. In one instance a woman was driven eight miles into Cardiff in the early hours of the morning. Finding no room there, she was driven on to another town four miles away, where again she was turned away and had to be driven back to Cardiff.

All over the country doctors and others who have to deal with maternity cases are protesting against the shortage of hospital beds and the essential services connected with them. Everywhere the services which exist are incapable of meeting the demand.

Some time ago Dr. Miles H. Phillips, senior surgeon at the Jessop Hospital, in Sheffield, told the city authorities that all their new housing estates should have a maternity hospital. *In the same area local women recently had to club together to buy their own ambulance!*

Doctors at Paisley and Glasgow have flatly told the authorities that the maternity accommodation is so overcrowded in those districts that there is constant danger of puerperal fever outbreaks, with dire results to the mothers and the present hospital services.

The Departmental Committee on Maternal Mortality, which reported four years ago, was quite clear in its findings that the lack of hospital beds was a contributory factor towards the rising death rate; and although it devoted less attention to this aspect than it might have done, it was firm enough in its demands for more accommodation.

But those recommendations have been flatly ignored both by the local authorities and the Ministry of Health.

Lord Kennet, better known as Sir Hilton Young, when Minister of Health, actually barred the town of Dudley from building a new maternity home on the score of cost. Dudley has a population of 55,000, and the shortage of beds had been so acute that the local nurse was taking serious cases into her own home, and doctors were compelled to telephone all over the county hoping to find some authority who would spare a bed for urgent cases.

But the overcrowding of existing maternity accommodation, the rules which insist on each patient occupying a bed for the shortest possible time, has an effect on another death rate less well known, perhaps, as that from direct mortality, but at least as grave and important.

It has been officially estimated that while 3,000 mothers die every year in childbirth, another 5,000 die from the after-effects.

Swift exit

Maternal morbidity, as it is called, has become another serious national problem, and the bed shortage in hospitals has a bearing on this problem, too. Quite recently, an obstetrician, Dr. Waller, said that while the great work of the lying-in hospitals in reducing maternal mortality was deserving of the highest praise, "yet the condition of health in which mothers leave hospital is often damnable."

There are many patients who should receive three months' skilled attention and nursing care. Instead, they are turned out of hospital after a fortnight, with at best a card permitting them to attend a post-natal clinic.

Most hospitals average far less than a fortnight per case, yet there are others who still follow the inhuman practice of moving the mother out immediately after childbirth, either back to her own home or to a recovery institution.

Even if the consequences are not directly fatal (in which case death is conveniently ascribed to "obstetric shock"), then these rush tactics leave the mother too often with a legacy of chronic invalidism, from which the end result is the same, although it may take place many months after.

"Rush tactics," to give them no worse name, are a common feature of the treatment as well as of the accommodation of maternity cases. Whether it arises from lack of general medical competence, we are not prepared to say. But it is an acknowledged factor in the high mortality rates.

A recent report of the Scientific Advisory Committee of the Ministry

to be BORN IN!

This step had to be taken by Queen Charlotte's, London, the Empire's most famous maternity hospital, and maternal cases had to be refused . . . grim but eloquent evidence of the situation to-day

of Health showed this. Commenting on the very high maternal mortality rate in Scotland—6.2 per 1,000 against 4.41 in England—the report stated that there was "faulty technique" in 37 per cent. of the deaths.

Particularly did the report condemn the "artificial interference with the normal course of delivery" which is resorted to in institutions where there is no resident obstetrician. It deplored the fact that few maternity units in Scotland were of sufficient size to cope with the cases and justify the appointment of a resident expert.

Such methods are more likely to be applied in hospitals than in confinements at home, and the mother's chances are not improved by the fact that she is attended, most often, by a house surgeon relatively unskilled in midwifery.

It is a further significant truth that in those countries which have a low maternity death-rate like Denmark, Norway, Holland and Sweden, the percentage of "artificial" deliveries is much lower than in this country. Even when such methods are absolutely necessary, they are only carried out by, or under the direct supervision of, an obstetric specialist with at least six years' experience of such work.

Here are some extracts from a pathetic letter which JOHN BULL received a few days ago—one of several relating to the same subject. It speaks for itself.

"May I bring to your notice a certain maternity ward in —— (naming a certain country hospital)? My niece, expecting her first child, was a patient at the clinic there. The doctor told her that the baby could not be born unless by operation three weeks before it was due.

"The husband was not consulted; she went into the hospital, had the operation and the baby was born. The next day she became very ill and died four days later, leaving a baby 6 lb. 3 oz. born three weeks before time owing to the doctor's interference.

"This sort of thing is an outrage on nature. They told me at the hospital that it was an *everyday* occurrence, which I can hardly believe, but the hospital has a bad name for maternal mortality.

"The mother was a fine, healthy woman, twenty-six years of age, and, I believe, would have lived through the birth had nature had a chance. I don't know what you think, but the poor grief-stricken young husband calls it a case of murder."

In too many hospitals "artificial interference" serves the dual purpose of helping to solve the accommodation problem without going to extra bed expense, and providing ample practice for neophyte surgeons. It is a dangerous fad which must be curtailed, because the technique involved is such that it must only be applied under exceptionally skilled safeguards.

The great lying-in hospitals are, of course, exempt from such criticism because they are directed always by expert obstetric specialists. And also the big voluntary hospitals—for the unfortunate reason that many of them do not cater at all for maternity work.

But our remarks can and do apply to the great many of the municipal and transferred poor law institutions, and to a lot of the county hospitals and other smaller maternity units.

Only one doctor

Another reader gives us a macabre description of his wife's ordeal in a Northern provincial hospital; of how, after having her baby at 1.30 in the morning, she was left without any further medical attention, lying on a hard board until 11.30—ten hours later. She was still in great pain, and there were surgical details to be attended to, but when she asked for the doctor in the early hours the nurse told her that the doctor was sleeping and could not be disturbed.

There was only one doctor, apparently, to serve the maternity needs of this large institution. When at length he came, *towards midday next day*, this mother was utterly exhausted, and because she was afraid to go through more pain she begged for an anæsthetic before being attended to. It was refused.

One woman writes to us about a Midland hospital where she was a patient. To a mother who was in pain and calling for the nurse, the reply was, "You are making a fuss. Anybody would think it was your first instead of your seventh."

"That kind of thing cuts deep," says this reader, "when one knows that with the first one is young and has not had the increasing physical and mental stress of other births with all their consequent infirmities.

"In this hospital one woman developed a bad cough. She asked the nurse to do something about it, and was told not to think she was ill just because she had had a baby. She died the next morning!"

And here is the terrible experience of a Scottish woman reader:

". . . I was told by my doctor that my life would be endangered unless I was admitted to my local maternity hospital, where I could have constant medical attention and, if need be, an operation; so one day I was admitted to this hospital, which is reckoned to be one of the finest in Scotland.

"I was placed in a side ward, and the nurse, after examining me, left me to await the doctor's arrival. I was in great agony, but nothing was done to alleviate my suffering. My condition grew gradually worse, and the nurse reported it, but the only help I got was the information that the doctor or sister would 'come any minute.'

"However, neither of them came near me, and during the night I had a mishap. The nurse again reported my condition, and she was apparently instructed to prepare me for an operation, but when morning arrived no operation was necessary.

"I cried"

"By midday I had improved, but was still in terrible pain. Yet when the doctor passed through my room (his first visit) he just gave me a glance, asking the nurse how I was progressing. To be truthful, I cried.

"I had depended on the doctor giving me something to ease the pain. I remained in the hospital seven days, but *never saw him again*, and then I was transferred to the hospital's auxiliary institution. There was no resident doctor there, but on my condition becoming worse, he was sent for. He at least examined me, and left instructions with the sister, but I never saw *him* again.

"Can you wonder that the death rate among mothers is so high? I would have had ten times less suffering had I remained at home and been attended to by my own very able doctor. I think maternity hospitals, even more than any other kind, require to be investigated. For if mine is the kind of treatment given in a good hospital, heaven knows what the patients suffer in the worst."

Nineteen hundred and thirty-six years ago there was a mother who sought shelter and help for her approaching hour. But, as St. Luke says, ". . . there was no room in the inn." To-day, in Britain, there are thousands of mothers every year in a like pass. And *if* they find room, what of the service they get?

Obvious demand

There is work in plenty for one of these many Committees of Enquiry to investigate thoroughly what is happening in the maternity hospitals of Great Britain. It is not enough to suggest, as the last Departmental Committee did, that there should be more beds.

What is needed is a complete probing of the whole system of maternity units—their organisation, their staffing and the quality of their personnel. For we are convinced that between inadequate hospital services and the rising death rates among mothers there is a close and clear connection. Later on we shall prove it by showing what the good hospitals have done and are doing.

There remains for discussion the type of private medical and nursing service which is offered to the mothers of this country, because it is on this that the whole structure of mortality prevention work rests. We shall deal with these services next week.

BY APPOINTMENT
Bacon Curers to H.M. The King.

Full of the most wholesome ingredients you could wish, mixed and made with a care and a special knowledge which has made them famous all over the country. Ask for Harris, Calne, Wiltshire Sausages, and be particularly careful to see that the word 'Calne' is on the label.

"As good as their Famous Bacon"

For name of nearest supplier write to Dept. 55

HARRIS
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Simply lovely—
Varnene
did it!

'Varnene' is the wonderful new oil varnish stain that gives a far more beautiful and durable finish to floors.

It transforms ordinary floor boards into faithful representations of Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Light Oak or Ebony, giving a hard, glossy surface that withstands wear and offers the utmost resistance to scratching and chipping. 'Varnene' is a great advance in the manufacture of varnish stains. It is definitely a far better treatment for floors. You will be delighted with the long lasting beauty of 'Varnene.'

VARNENE
THE NEW AND MORE EFFICIENT
OIL VARNISH STAIN
From all Stores. In Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear Colourless Varnish
Tins 6d., 1/- and 1/6.
MADE BY CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4
MAKERS OF MARMION POLISH. V/L/39

"John Bull" Readers' Stories

"Somebody raced over to me with a parcel . . ."

I PILOT a Deadly CARGO

THE air pilot who earns his living doing "taxi" work meets with plenty of drama and excitement. Waiting at one end of a telephone, he never knows what kind of an adventure the next "ring" will bring him.

It may be just a dull routine sort of job. Many of them are. On the other hand, it may be so unusual as to thrill him with excitement and it may present difficulties and dangers which will test both skill and endurance to the uttermost.

Curiously enough, in spite of the immense advance in the safety of commercial flying during recent years, many people still think a pilot's job is dangerous. Yet the most dangerous job I ever had to tackle did not owe its danger to storms, winds, bad visibility or engine trouble.

It happened on a Saturday morning, I remember. The telephone went at exactly 10.15, and the result of the very brief conversation that ensued was that I had to climb straight into a 'plane, take off, and head for Brussels.

My instructions were so brief and hurried that the only thing I was clear about was that I must get to Brussels as quickly as possible, collect a small parcel which would be waiting on the aerodrome, and fly back with it to Southampton.

And I must get back in time to catch one of the big transatlantic liners which sailed that afternoon at 3.30 for New York.

It was only afterwards that I was able to piece together the odd bits of the story and to understand clearly what it was all about.

A learned scientist, whom I will call Professor Bernard, was travelling to China viâ America, after carrying out a series of experiments on the Continent in connection with a virulent plague, peculiar to the East.

HE had left his hotel at Brussels only that morning, and had chartered a special 'plane to bring him to Southampton, as he was taking with him some valuable specimens which it was vital should not be injured in transit.

The package was of such importance that he determined to carry it himself, and so that the test tubes would carry safely and be easy to handle, he had packed them carefully in cotton-wool in a cigarette-box—the size that usually holds a hundred.

Arrived at Southampton he had gone straight on board, although it was then only 10 o'clock in the morning. And the first thing he did was to take the precious box to his cabin.

Although he was certain in his own mind that nothing could have happened to it, some curious instinct told him to open it just to make sure.

Imagine his amazement when he found—not his valuable test tubes but just 100 cigarettes.

And that is where I came into the story.

THE first thing he did was to telephone to Croydon from Southampton and pack me off to Brussels. Then he and the aerodrome officials began to untangle the mystery over the telephone.

Actually this is what had happened. When leaving his hotel that morning the professor had seen all his luggage taken down from his room and had then himself gone down in the lift carrying the parcel.

When he got out of the lift he walked over to the reception desk to hand in the key of his room, collect his letters, and give instructions about the forwarding of any mail.

While chatting to the clerk he opened one of the letters and, in order to do so, put his parcel down beside him on the counter. It was not there for more than half a minute, for as soon as he had read the letter he said good-bye to the clerk, picked up his parcel and walked out to the waiting car.

How, then, did he find himself in possession of 100 cigarettes instead of the test tubes when he arrived at Southampton? It had never been out of his sight for a moment. It seemed like wizardry. The answer is that, just at the moment when he put his parcel on the counter, a messenger boy arrived to deliver a parcel of similar shape and size.

This he put down beside the professor's. It was for somebody staying at the hotel. The reception clerk picked up the wrong package and put it away.

The professor, absorbed in reading his letter, did not notice what had happened, picked up the only parcel lying on the counter, and left for England, quite satisfied that he was carrying his precious test tubes.

Luckily, when they telephoned to the hotel from London at 10.30, the reception clerk still had the parcel. So orders were given for it to be taken to the Brussels aerodrome and handed over to me.

It had been fairly good flying weather that morning and I landed on the aerodrome at 12.30—just 2¼ hours after leaving Croydon. Before I had time to climb out of the machine somebody raced over to me and said:

"Are you from Professor Bernard?"

"Yes."

"This is the parcel you are to take back."

"Thank you."

"I have been told to warn you that it contains test tubes holding live cultures of the germ of a virulent plague. You must take great care that the tubes are not broken. If they are you will probably get the disease and die. Infection might also spread to anyone who came in contact either with you or the aeroplane."

"It's a ghastly disease, they say, so be careful."

"I'll be careful, all right," was my only response.

When I had given instructions for them to telephone Southampton aerodrome to have a car ready for me there at 3 o'clock I took off. Altogether I had spent less than five minutes on the ground.

It was a nice cheerful kind of send-off to be told that I must sit with deadly germs for over two hours, and that if a sudden jolt broke the things it might easily be "good-bye!" I'm no coward in the air. I'll face any weather you like unless it's sheer suicide to do so. But I don't mind admitting I was scared on that trip.

I had packed the little box on the floor wrapped in an old coat and lying between two cushions. Flying can be very monotonous. You have very little to occupy your mind. And I could not get my thoughts off that wretched little box.

Time was so short that getting even a snack would be out of the ques-

(Continued on page 26)

The rights of man

See that you get what you legitimately want. Do not be dictated to by others as to what you should eat or drink. If you have any difficulty in obtaining SANDEMAN Port or Sherry make a fuss and insist on it!

Unrivalled for 145 years

SANDEMAN
PORT AND SHERRY

Bourn-vitality!

-she's radiant with it!

Because she takes CADBURY'S **BOURN-VITA** for digestion, sleep and energy.

HE NEVER THOUGHT BREAKFAST COULD MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE

The *Tonic Vitamin* actually does build *nervous energy!*

INEFFICIENCY DULLNESS so often due to deficiency in nerve nourishing vitamin scarce in most foods but present in QUAKER OATS
I USED TO FEEL FAGGED OUT BY 4 O'CLOCK..
BY THE TIME I GOT HOME I WAS DEAD TO THE WORLD...IRRITABLE...FINISHED
THEN WE STARTED QUAKER OATS FOR BREAKFAST. MY WIFE READ ABOUT ITS HAVING A LOT OF VITAMIN B
WELL, TO START WITH, IT MAKES THE BEST PORRIDGE I KNOW!
AND AFTER A WEEK OR SO I FOUND I WAS WORKING-AND FEELING-A HUNDRED PER CENT BETTER!

Do you know that Tonic Vitamin stimulates appetite, feeds the nerves and combats constipation?

Quaker Oats contains, in far greater quantities than has ever been appreciated, one of the most important Vitamins there are: the great *nerve-nourishing* tonic Vitamin B. Lack of this Vitamin in diet has been proved over and over again a direct cause of sleeplessness, indigestion, constipation—and poor appetite. What splendid news that you will get this essential Vitamin every morning in delicious creamy, nourishing Quaker Oats!

No cold cereal warmed with hot milk can possibly take the place of Quaker Oats freshly cooked and served hot. Quaker Oats is sold only in *sealed packets* to ensure its purity and perfect condition. Ask for *Quick* Quaker—prepared in 4 minutes.

40 Vitalising Breakfasts for 8½D.

QUAKER OATS

2248

"I Pilot a Deadly Cargo"—*continued from page 24*

I Reached My Goal

tion until I had delivered the package safely.

When you are hungry and alone in the air I think you more easily become a prey to fears. Anyway, that journey was a sort of nightmare which I thought would never come to an end. By the time I saw Southampton Docks my nerves were thoroughly on edge.

It was exactly 3.15 by my watch as I circled over Southampton aerodrome. There was barely time for me to do it. All the same, I wasn't going to take chances with those test tubes, and I was particularly careful over my landing.

The aerodrome is about three miles from the docks, and as soon as I got out of the 'plane I looked round for the car I had ordered. It was there all right and I took the package and got in.

"Drive as fast as you dare," I said to the driver, "but don't let us in for any bumps or bad jolts," and I explained why. I thought he turned a shade paler when I told him what I was carrying; he said nothing, but certainly drove carefully.

With luck we should have been able to do the journey in eight or nine minutes. But we had no luck that day. Everything went against us. We got caught behind horse-drawn vehicles and could not pull out. We got held up at cross roads.

Every delay that could possibly happen on the road seemed to happen to us. I kept my eye on my watch and saw the minutes tick away calculating our chances as each one passed.

Then when we did arrive the liner was just pulling away. She had only slipped her moorings a matter of a few seconds, but she was already too far away from the side for me to attempt to board her.

For a moment I was overwhelmed with disappointment. The whole of my day's work wasted. Besides I had no fancy for having these germs left on my hands. It was a dilemma.

For one wild moment I thought of circling over the ship and dropping the parcel. Then I came to earth and remembered it was out of the question with *this* package.

So I thought for a minute or two and then formed my plan. It would take the liner some time to steam down Southampton Water. I got back into the car.

WE raced back to the aerodrome, taking more risk this time, for the need to save minutes was even more urgent. At the aerodrome I fired orders at two or three men.

I told one to telephone to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, to have a speedboat ready for me in ten minutes. In the meantime others had got my 'plane ready for starting.

All this had used up fifteen minutes of the half hour I had when I left the docks. I packed the little parcel in again, but not quite so carefully, for it is only just a hop to the Isle of Wight.

Then I took off once again on this long race against time. In about six minutes I arrived at Cowes, made a careful landing, and ran down to the boat sheds.

I could only hope that the message had been delivered and orders carried out. If I could not get a speedboat now, I was done. But I was lucky. There it was waiting for me at the water's edge.

By now I was thoroughly worked up, because I knew if I missed the liner here it would be a serious matter, and I am afraid in my excitement I thought less about the danger of the test tubes. My one object now was to get them delivered into the professor's hands.

As soon as I explained my predicament the young man in charge of the motor boat entered into the spirit of the adventure. So we raced out of Cowes into Cowes Roads and on towards Southampton Water.

As we sped along I scanned the seascape anxiously for signs of the liner, but we had gone nearly three miles and were not far from Calshot Spit Lightship before I saw the gigantic lines of her coming out of Southampton Water into the Solent.

How thankful I was! But still my mission might fail, for I had to stop the ship, and the captain did not know anything about my errand.

We hove to for a few minutes to let her get clear of the lightship, and then we raced up to her. I don't know what the officer on the bridge thought when he saw he was being signalled frantically by a little speedboat. However, he slowed down, and we came up as close as we dared, and I shouted that I wanted to come aboard.

They lowered a gangway and, clutching the little deadly parcel, I climbed aboard. Even then I was not satisfied until the professor came and I had handed it over to him personally.

"You've done a good day's work!" he cried.

"It would ease my peace of mind," I said to him, "if I could be sure I wasn't going to develop your deadly plague within a week."

It gave me the creeps to see the way that man handled those dangerous test tubes. I felt just about as much like touching them as I would a live bomb. And I was very relieved when he assured me that they were absolutely intact.

As we pushed off and the liner resumed her interrupted voyage, I also breathed a little prayer of thanksgiving that such queer commissions did not fall to my lot every day.

"The Greatest of These——"

Such Things Happen

W. A. G., an ex-Service man, was unemployed, and, as he had a delicate wife and two children, aged three years and fifteen months, to support, he borrowed £2 from a friend for the purpose of stocking his barrow with vegetables.

On his way home that evening, he and his pal passed a burning building where women with children in their arms shouted from the windows for help. The two men, without a thought for their own safety, worked like heroes in rescuing the terror-stricken families.

An eye-witness of the scene stated that their heroism was amazing, and that if they had not risked their lives as they did, the people could not possibly have been saved.

W. A. G. received arm injuries during his rescue work, but these did not affect him so badly as the fact that, evidently while his coat was off and his arm receiving attention, someone stole 30s. from his pocket, which represented the greater part of the borrowed £2.

When we saw W. A. G., he had received no reward for his bravery, and expected none. He was terribly upset at the loss of his money, as his rent was in arrears, and he had no prospect of repaying his friend.

We have, of course, received proof of W. A. G.'s statements, and, as we have also time and again received proof of the practical sympathy our readers are ready to show towards cases of heroism, we hope that they will send donations earmarked "W. A. G." to help him to stock his barrow better than it has ever been stocked before, and set him on his feet again.

Donations, earmarked "W. A. G.," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

The World's Yours

THERE is a common saying that "a person is the product of his environment." If the environment is good, we envy him. If it is bad, we pity him. We needn't do either.

Like most popular sayings, it won't bear a moment's serious examination. Like them all, it contains a germ of truth, but it has to be very thoroughly understood before that germ of truth can be dug out.

For it assumes—quite wrongly—that an "environment" is a collection of physical realities and nothing else; and as far as a human being is concerned, an environment is nothing of the sort. It is partly that, of course. You can't ignore houses, or fields, or hedgerows. You can't pretend that cities and towns and villages don't exist.

But all these things are only a part, and quite a small part of a man's environment. For a man's real environment is mostly within him.

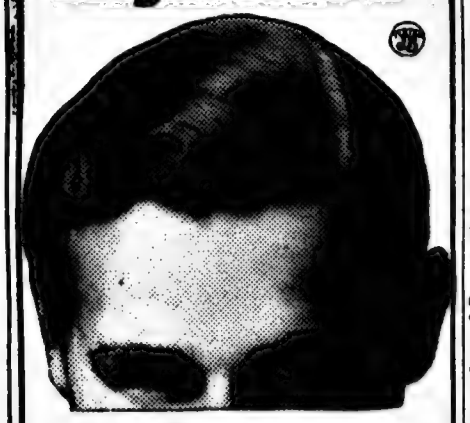
For this reason—you can, because you are a thinking human being with a brain and a mind, deliberately select for your conscious attention only those things that will serve your purpose.

You can concentrate on the good, the beautiful, the useful, the helpful and the cheerful. You can ignore the annoying and the irritating and the useless. No one can force them on your attention if you do not want them to be forced on it. You needn't see the ugly and the distracting.

You're complete Master—not only of yourself, but of the world round you.

So far from being the helpless "product" of your environment, you can mould that environment to your own desires—if you will only realise your own powers and believe in them.

Yes, Sir! another Bright fellow



has changed to BRYLCREEM

BRYLCREEM will turn the driest scalp into the healthiest and the 'shabbiest' hair into the most lustrous. Fixes the hair *naturally* by its *natural* blended oils and tonic-ingredients. The perfect Hair Dressing—try it and become one of its enthusiasts.

IN BOTTLES AND TUBES 1/-

The County Perfumery Co., London, N.W.10

Take SANATOGEN

(*The True Tonic Food*)

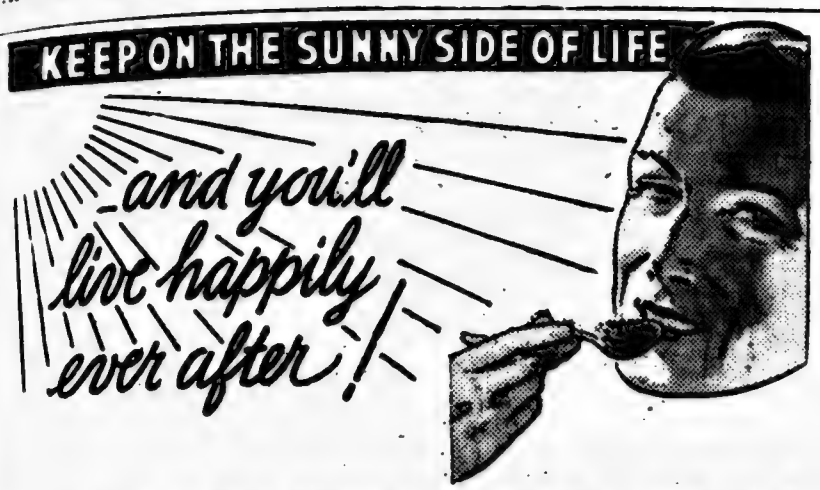
and enjoy Youthful Vitality

Sanatogen infuses into the debilitated cells of nerves and blood exactly those elements that create vital strength. Thus, in a natural manner, Sanatogen overcomes fatigue and irritability, and gives you a glorious feeling of vitality and sound health. Start your course from today.

At all Chemists from 2/3—19/9

Made by Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

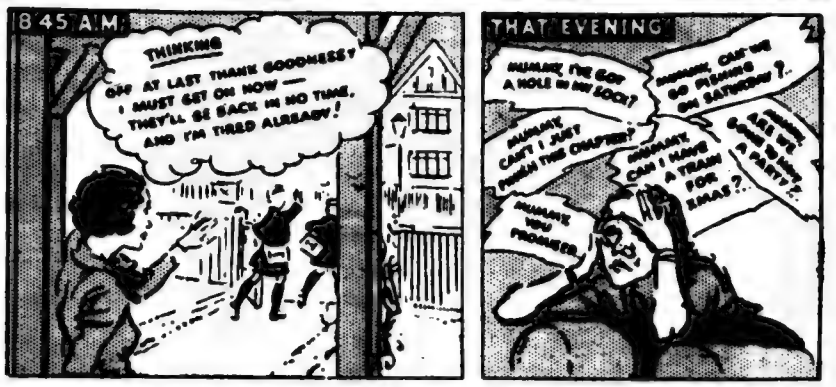


Do you often feel tired, depressed and miserable — as though life were not worth living? That's not your *real* self. It is a condition usually caused by common constipation. Get those wastes and poisons out of your body without the use of pills or drugs and you'll be as happy as the day is long. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily with cold milk or cream and you'll soon be as regular as Nature intended. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" not found in ordinary diet. This "bulk" exercises the intestinal tract and so corrects the tendency to constipation. In addition Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains iron that purifies the blood. Life will be different when you start eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—sold by all grocers. No cooking required.

Made in Canada
NOW ONLY 7½d. per packet

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

826


8.45 A.M.
THINKING
OH! AT LAST THANK GOODNESS! I MUST GET ON NOW — THEY'LL BE BACK IN NO TIME, AND I'M TIRED ALREADY!
THAT EVENING
MUMMY, I'VE GOT A HOLE IN MY SOCK!
MUMMY, CAN WE GO FISHING ON SATURDAY?
MUMMY, CAN'T I JUST FINISH THIS CHAPTER?
MUMMY, CAN I HAVE A TRAIN FOR XMAS?
MUMMY, YOU PROMISED!

YOU KNOW JIM, IT'S ONLY THREE WEEKS TO THE BOYS' HOLIDAYS AND I'M DREADING THEM
YES DARLING, YOU'VE BEEN TERRIBLY FAGGED LATELY. I THINK YOU'D BETTER SEE THE DOCTOR
AT THE DOCTOR'S
OF COURSE YOU WILL FIND THE CHILDREN TOO MUCH FOR YOU. YOU'RE NOT GIVING YOUR BODY A CHANCE TO REPLACE THE ENERGY IT BURNS UP DURING THE NIGHT — SO YOU SUFFER FROM 'NIGHT-STARVATION'. I'M GOING TO RECOMMEND HORLICKS...
AND SO EVERY NIGHT
XMAS HOLIDAYS
COME ALONG, BOYS, WE'RE GOING TO THE PANTOMIME THIS AFTERNOON
THREE CHEERS!
WE WONDERED IF YOU'D CARE TO COME OVER FOR A GAME OF BRIDGE... YES, I'VE JUST GOT THE BOYS TO BED... TIRED? WHO — ME?... NOT A BIT. I FEEL EVER SO FIT NOWADAYS... YOU WILL COME?... GOOD!

Do you find your children a strain sometimes?

Do you sometimes wake up so tired that you long for an extra servant? Probably you are suffering from "Night-Starvation." The reason you wake up tired is that your body has been burning up energy all night long, and has not had enough nourishment to replace it. So you are "Night-Starved," and have no reserves of energy during the day.

Horlick's regularly at bed-time guards against "Night-Starvation" — it replaces the burnt-up energy while you sleep. You wake every morning with new reserves of vitality and vigour. You will enjoy taking Horlick's, and it is economical too — the milk is in it, add water only. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

Millions of Housewives

Improve their gravies, soups, stews, and meat-dishes, with Oxo, giving them more tastiness, more richness, and increased nutritive value.

OXO

BEEF IN BRIEF

50/35

Weather Report
FURTHER OUTLOOK UNSETTLED... *Take*
NIPITS
VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES
And keep Cosy.
FROM ALL CONFECTIONERS.

KOMPO FOR COLDS
Sold by all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 2/-

Throat Torn by STUBBORN COUGH

FAMEL SYRUP ACTED LIKE MAGIC

"When I first saw an advertisement for Famel Syrup — about a fortnight ago — I had already tried about 6 or 8 different things for an irritation of the throat. It was relieved by nothing I tried and had turned into a nasty cough which positively tore my throat, until my chemist assured me that Famel Syrup was 'an excellent preparation.' The first dose, which I took on December 1st, acted like magic! The cough is practically gone already — just occasionally troubles me — and I am getting a second bottle to-night just to make sure. The Famel Syrup has also relieved a chronic catarrhal trouble which I thought would always be with me. I will be only too glad to recommend Famel Syrup to any other sufferer I know." Miss H. P. . . . , Felixstowe.

Do not get the idea that Famel Syrup is good only for exceptionally painful and stubborn coughs. Any cough, however serious or however slight, will yield to it because Famel Syrup goes to the root of the trouble. As well as soothing the throat and removing the irritation it attacks the infecting germs which have obtained a lodging in your lungs and breathing passages. First it makes you comfortable. Second it attacks and destroys the germs. Third, its tonic properties build up new strength to resist further attacks.

Famel Syrup is a recognised scientific preparation, used in hospitals and sanatoria all over the earth and recommended in famous medical papers.

FAMEL

brand

SYRUP

It goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

1/6 and 3/- (*triple quantity*)
(From all Chemists)

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

probed by PHILIP INMAN

Children bring cares and worries and responsibilities. But they also bring a joy past telling

A BABY —or NOT?

RECENTLY on this page I told of a mother who was anxious to find a home for her new-born baby. My readers will, I know, be interested to learn what happened.

Dozens of letters reached me from all over the country and after the most careful consideration a happy home has been found for the child. Its new parents have been married for fifteen years and, although they had always longed for children, that blessing had been denied them. Now they have taken this little boy into their hearts and into their home.

And there has been another happy sequel to that article. I had a pathetic letter from a father who told me that his wife had died, leaving him with four children, and his wages were so small and uncertain that they did not enable him to engage a housekeeper.

Though it would mean a severe wrench, he thought it would be the wisest step if a home could be found for his youngest child, a little girl of five months. The following letter has just reached me:

I am pleased to tell you, sir, that through you my baby is now comfortably settled in the North of England. And, because of your kindness, happiness has been brought into two homes so far apart. I cannot thank you enough.

In thinking of these cases I call to mind Galsworthy's fine words: "Into the twilight of the world are launched each year millions of tiny ships. Out they grope to the great waters and the great winds—little sloops of life on whose voyaging the future hangs. Mothers and you who will be mothers and you who have missed motherhood—give them their chance."

Two of those "tiny ships" have, through the medium of this paper, found safe harbours. I hope and believe that they will take with them a cargo of joy and happiness.

And whilst we are on the subject of children, let me deal with some of the problems that are exercising the minds of thousands of married couples. One of them finds expression in the following letter:

My wife and I have been happily married for four years. I am thirty years old and she is twenty-eight. We both have good positions and our income enables us to live in comfort. We have of late, however, been conscious that there is something missing from our home, namely, a baby.

I have discussed the matter and my wife seems afraid of the risks that attend confinement. She had a cousin who died in giving birth to a child and that seems to have seriously affected her. Then, her friends have tried to influence her against having children. They have told her how nice it is to go away for a holiday every year without any encumbrances.

For myself I would dearly love children, but I have no wish whatever to foist my opinions upon my wife. That is our problem. We are happy together and yet . . .

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I WISH that this young wife could come to my hospital and see the large ward full of happy mothers with their babies. She would there find an answer to those friends of hers who favour a home without little ones. Then think of a season like Christmas without the love and laughter of young children. Think of the heartache in this extract from a reader's letter:

I am a woman of seventy and all alone, for my husband died ten months ago. If only we had had children—what a comfort and a blessing they might have been to me in my old age.

Children are a tie, it is true. They bring with them cares and worries and responsibilities. But they also bring a joy past telling. Parenthood is one of the most precious gifts life has to offer.

But the wife of my correspondent is afraid because of the risks that attend confinement. And she is not alone.

A short time ago I was talking with the Minister of Health. He told me how perturbed he was at the rate of maternal mortality in this country.

With the care and treatment that is available to-day, the risks of confinement should be negligible. In these days of X-rays, ante-natal clinics and gynecological skill there are facilities for the expectant mother, and if these precautions are taken there is no reason why everything should not go well.

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I SUGGEST to this young wife, therefore, that she should see the specialist at the nearest hospital and make sure that she is normal in every way. If she is that should lead to the complete removal of her fears.

And here is the same problem from a different angle:

I am a young married man (writes this correspondent), and my wife and I are unable to make up our minds whether to have children or not. There are numerous considerations. One is the feeling of insecurity so widespread to-day that makes the taking on of further responsibility a decided risk. Added to that there is the fact that to have only one child is scarcely fair to either parents or child, whilst the raising of two or more children is a terrible burden on the family income and life becomes a fight for existence with no luxuries.

Against these points we are told by our friends who have children that they would not be without them for the world, and though they mean sacrifices they are well worth it. The main question therefore is: Shall we miss much if we do not have children?

I have covered much of this ground in the answer to my first correspondent. Let me add that I know the dangers of the "only child." But far better one than none at all. After all, in these days children have many opportunities of meeting others, and in that way they can find the necessary companionship.

There are thousands of parents in this country whose lives have been made rich by an only child. I think of one of the greatest cancer specialists of to-day. He is an only son and the joy and pride of his father and mother, now stricken in years.

What is more, the world would be a far poorer place if he had never been born.

In conclusion, let me quote briefly the problem of a young man, who writes:

I have recently become engaged and realise that I am very ignorant of the things which a young man contemplating marriage should know. The fact is I have never taken the opposite sex seriously, for until now my chief interest in life, apart from business, has been sport. Could you recommend me some books from which I can obtain the knowledge I require?

In these days there is no lack of literature for those about to be married. I have sent my correspondent a list of suitable volumes. I shall be glad to render the same service to any in a similar position.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE SKIPPER:—"To say that Brant was uncomfortable was to put things WILDLY."

BURTON FOOTBALL MAIL:—"—— have not got a good record this season, and their recent appointment of —— as PRAYER-coach was made after much consideration."

DAILY RECORD:—"Apart from the PURSUER and a stewardess, nobody knew of her whereabouts on the liner."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"Additional car SPARKS will be provided for visitors in the Cup-tie . . ."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"The output of pedal cycles is now 1,000,000 a year and EXPERTS are rising."

NEWS OF THE WORLD:—"Like Grimaldi he satirised the DEBILITY and gentry of his day . . ."

WEEKLY MAIL AND CARDIFF TIMES:—"He needs . . . plenty of fresh air and sunshine, lots of SHEEP in a well-ventilated room . . ."

THE SOUTH LONDON PRESS:—"The breakdown is believed to have been caused by the blowing of a FUSS."

"COLD AFTER COLD FOR MY BOY; NONE FOR HIS COUSIN—WHY?"

ALEC . . . . . AGED 4
Gain in weight . 9 ozs. in 6 months
COLDS LAST WINTER 5

CHARLIE . . . . . AGED 4
Gain in weight nearly 3 lbs. in 6 months
COLDS LAST WINTER . . NONE

STRANGE DIFFERENCE IN HEALTH OF TWO CHILDREN

"WHEN I look at my Alec and see how pale and 'peaky' he is compared with my nephew Charlie, I feel terrible, just as if I was guilty. Time after time, I have to keep him away from school with colds. I know Charlie's mother puts him on Scotts Brand Emulsion every winter, but I give Alec a cod liver oil preparation too. What can be wrong?" writes a London mother.

Worries like this make mothers look old. Yet it all goes back to the fact that children's digestions are not strong enough to deal with certain foods.

A famous Medical Research Body working in London has recently confirmed that it makes a big difference to a child's health which kind of winter tonic mothers choose. "Because," states this Research Body "only when liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil can children digest the oil properly and so get the body-building goodness they need."

* * *

The mother who wrote the letter below has proved for herself what a wonderful difference a digestible tonic makes: "I used to long for Peter to be strong and healthy like other children. He was the weak one of the family. Then one day a stranger in the train told me about Scotts. The *difference* it made! He put on weight at once, he grew sturdy and strong and he's never ill now," writes a Streatham mother.

* * *

Before mothers go into the chemist's shop to buy a winter tonic for their children, they should write down the word 'Digestion' on their shopping lists. Because the child that gets the most digestible kind of liver oil will be the stronger one. In Scotts Brand Emulsion every drop of oil is finely divided to form a white digestible cream. 30 minutes after a spoonful has been swallowed every drop has gone to strengthen your child's chest. At once he begins to build up a resistance to winter illness such as he has never had before.

* * *

Get Scotts Brand Emulsion from your chemist to-day and watch the difference it makes to *your* child.

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

INFLUENZA!
TAKE
FENNINGS' THE BEST AND SUREST REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS AND FEVERS
70 YEARS REPUTATION
FEVER *Sold in Bottles at 1/3*
SEND FOR THIS
FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"
Post Free on Application to:—
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.
When writing please mention this paper.
CURER

The OLIVE OIL in PALMOLIVE

• *Beautifies* BECAUSE IT . . .

. . . provides a threefold Beauty Treatment . . .

The rich abundant lather of PALMOLIVE, derived from the natural vegetable oils of the olive and the palm, is so soft and velvety that it cannot hurt the most delicate skin. Yet when it is massaged well into the skin, and rinsed with warm water, then cold, there is nothing better for beauty than its gentle deep-cleansing action. Beauty experts have always known this—and that's why no less than 20,000 of them have unanimously recommended soap and water washing with an *olive oil* soap—Palmolive—as the best possible way of keeping your skin in the fresh, natural bloom of health.

Indigestion

& FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

Of the many digestive remedies on the market 'Milk of Magnesia' alone enjoys the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Profession throughout the world. Your own doctor will tell you that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system. Herein lies the secret of its unerring efficacy in correcting a sour, acid stomach and restoring digestive power.

Thousands of men and women after years of suffering and great expense have finally found complete relief in 'Milk of Magnesia'. Your pain and flatulence will cease with the very first dose. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' now and digest your next meal in comfort. There's a handy Tablet form, each tablet equal to a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'. A neat flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also a family size bottle 2/-. Of all chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

The Conjurer

chewed a

FEEN-A-MINT and constipation "disappeared"

Feen-a-mint is the favourite family laxative; thorough and safe; delicious mint flavour. Get a packet from your chemist. For a free sample send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. S.1), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

ALL ABOUT BABY

IN THE FAMOUS "LITTLE RED BOOK"

Everyone loves a baby! But the bonny, laughing baby is the one that attracts attention and wins praise and envy for the proud Mother.

The secrets of sturdy health and happy disposition are to be found in Steedman's famous little red book, "Hints to Mothers," as generations have found to their profit and delight.

In this little book every bothersome baby ailment is dealt with in simple form. Advice as to symptoms and treatment, and guidance as to what to do in cases of accident or serious illness while awaiting the doctor.

As to Steedman's Powders themselves, it is hardly necessary to reiterate their wonderful properties.

Made especially for childhood's years, they promote healthy regularity, banishing constipation and its attendant ills, purifying the blood stream and keeping it cool. From teething time until fourteen years of age there is no safer or gentler aperient.

These famous powders can be obtained everywhere at three-halfpence for a single powder. When buying, look for the double EE, which protects your little one's health.

And the "Hints to Mothers" booklet is free and post free if you send a postcard, mentioning "John Bull," to John Steedman & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

TRUE STORY of the *Bounty*

Roughly 150 years ago the story of the Mutiny on the BOUNTY *—the most romantic and in many ways remarkable in the annals of the Royal Navy—was thrilling all Britain.*

To-day, when a film version of the episode is packing a London theatre prior to its general release, we tell the amazing story divorced of all the legends that have grown round it. . . .

Victims of the vicious Lieutenant Bligh in chains on the "Bounty." A scene from the film

IT was easy to understand the excitement on board H.M. sloop *Bounty*. For one thing it was Christmas Eve of 1787. For another, sailing time was due.

Then, again, this was going to be one of the softest jobs in the history of the King's Navee. Just a matter of picking up bread-fruit plants in the South Sea Isles and taking them to the West Indies for transplanting, to provide cheap food for British slaves.

A sound skipper who had sailed under Captain Cook was the Commander, Lieutenant Bligh. A safe if overcrowded ship was H.M.S. *Bounty*. And a prospect of two years at least of "wine, women and song" for the forty-six souls aboard was in view.

But what were these stories that were creeping round about Lieutenant William Bligh?

The biggest bully in the whole Navy, according to one report. No wonder two score pairs of eyes studied his dreamy eyes, his aquiline nose, his shock of hair swept back, his almost poetic appearance—and wondered.

No, he was no poet.

Was it a complaint about the filthy water served out, the revolting sanitary conditions, the shocking food, and always the same strings of oaths came in reply.

There was no courtesy for the officers, no kindness or human understanding for the crew, in the make-up of Lieutenant Bligh.

No wonder his men had been driven almost to breaking-point before they began the rounding of the Horn. The Horn! Could it be that God as well as Lieutenant Bligh was against them?

For days it was obvious that only by a miracle could the ship win through. And the fiercer the tempest, the heavier the gale, the worse was the temper of this hard-bitten, irascible yet super-efficient sailor in charge.

There were weeks of fighting in the teeth of bitter gales. Every hour underfed men had to work at the pumps.

Eight men lay prostrate in the sick bay. Forty men should have been there, but daren't report sick. But there was safety at last in Simon's Bay. Five weeks' wait to caulk the leaks, the lash for this man and the frenzied oath for that—and the *Bounty* sailed on.

NOW August. A seven weeks' stay in Adventure Bay, Tasmania, during which Bligh threatened to feed the crew on grass if one man complained.

And so at last Tahiti, where the bread-fruit plants were to be shipped.

Tahiti, isle of sleep and colour; even Bligh himself succumbed to it.

He could have shipped his cargo in six weeks, but he preferred to take six months about it—six months in which his men feasted, drank and idled away the hours. Wonderful months they were, except for such as the fifteen-year-old boy who was chained on deck for three months for sleeping at his post, men flogged for trivial misdeeds.

But at last, with 1,015 plants on board, came the moment for leaving, when sailors must work and women—the Tahitian beauties they had met—weep.

Now there was no hint of mutiny on board as the decrepit old sloop made for the open sea, despite the increased bitterness of Bligh's tongue, the more frequent resort to the lash.

It needed one silly reproach to do that—a reproach doomed to make history in the annals of the Royal Navy.

It happened on a day when the sea was like beaten silver and the ship all but stood still.

Bligh turned on his second-in-command, a Manxman named Christian, a man of culture, handsome and well-spoken.

"How many coconuts have you got?" he asked, threateningly.

"I really don't know, sir," began Christian.

Bligh exploded. His anger burst in full view of officers and men assembled, an unforgivable offence in the Royal Navy. "You damned hound," he said, "you've been stealing them."

Even as a vituperative torrent poured out, Christian knew that his position on board had been made impossible. But what was there to do? In a flash he knew. He would have a raft made and drop overboard. And so he took the carpenter into his confidence, because he would have to make a raft.

That night he would do it, when there was nobody about, and—well, that night he waited.

He waited all night, frustrated because so many men were sleeping on deck because of the balminess of the night. And then, at dawn, he decided on a wilder plan.

He confided in the three "middies" who were sharing an early watch with him. They raced round to wake and tell the sailors who had suffered most under the sting of Bligh's tongue and the lash of the rope's end.

And so the great moment arrived.

Bligh, asleep in his bunk with the door ajar, found himself being roughly shaken into consciousness, marched on to deck in his shirt.

On the way he saw Fryer, the ship's master, in his cabin, two pistols beside him. Coward! He didn't dare to use them.

"Fire if you damned well want," Bligh challenged. They didn't, but sternly they ordered him into a launch.

"I won't go with Fryer," he shouted back, remembering the incident of the two pistols. But it was not for him to give orders, now.

Once he tried a master stroke of tactics. "Is this a fair return for my friendship?" he asked Christian.

"That, Captain Bligh, is the thing," stammered back the abashed mutineer "But I am in Hell. I am in Hell."

And now there are two stories to relate. That telling of what befell the nineteen men in a small boat, adrift in uncharted seas with no chronometer, 150 lb. of biscuits, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, and 28 gallons of water, will always be an epic of the sea.

With only seven inches of freeboard, any one wave would have upset them. And yet they had to make 3,500 miles—to the East Indies—to safety.

They tried to get rest and fresh provisions on an island. As they landed, the natives rattled stones to call the warriors to war. They just cast adrift in time, with one man killed. They daren't think of islands after that.

Two weeks, four weeks, six weeks they sailed. Men rowed until they dropped. Only one could lie down at a time. Bitter cold stiffened them. Privation robbed them of all strength.

They suffered agonies of stomach pain, and yet had to keep on rowing or baling. The sick pleaded for more food, and instead the meagre rations of everybody had to be cut down by one-third.

A tiny bird was caught. It was an event! There was one-eighteenth of its entrails for each man, and a spot of its blood for each invalid.

They hit Australia, as much by accident as design. At last, Keepang, by which time they were skin and bone.

And so they returned to England, and an infuriated Admiralty sent H.M.S. *Pandora*, commanded by Captain Edwards, to arrest the mutineers—to whom we may now return.

There were twenty-five of them to sail the ship to Tahiti, and there sixteen of them, not knowing in what peril they stood, decided to remain, two to be murdered before the punitive expedition arrived.

ROUNDED up by Captain Edwards, they found him even crueller than Bligh. He incarcerated the whole fourteen in a tiny ill-ventilated box.

The ship struck a reef. Edwards, merciless as ever, refused to unlock their tiny prison. A master-at-arms did it at the risk of his life, rather than see them drown like rats; and so ten of them were rescued to be got to England, six of them to be sentenced to death.

As to the rest, Christian and eight others, seeking safety, took nine Tahiti women and seven native men with them and settled on Pitcairn Island.

What happened to them there is only known in part. There was fighting for the women; that much is certain. Four white men were murdered in fits of jealousy. The remaining whites massacred their coloured rivals in cold blood.

Only two of the mutineers died natural deaths on that island—leaving Christian out of account. As to him accounts will always differ. Most probably he died in a love-feud.

What is certain is that a colony sprang up, a colony in which the great-grandchildren of the mutineers are numbered to this very day.

And what is certain also is that when, two generations later, H.M.S. *Briton* visited the island, the crew found a Mr. Christian who was the son of the unhappy leader of the mutiny.

They heard him at prayer—a prayer his father taught him and asked him to pass on to future generations. It had become the prayer of the island. It is: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

There are descendants there who say it to this day as if it were part of an island ritual—the prayer of repentance of a fine Manx sailor who couldn't bear to be let down before his crew even over so small a matter as coconuts!

There is nothing quite so soothing for dry harsh throats in damp, wintry weather as an Allenburys Pastille. It clears the throat and wards off infection

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

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Send for this charming utility model today, you will be delighted. See Coupon.

SIZES: 22-36 in. waist.

Full price, 8/11

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Please send me, on approval, a new Ambron MODEL SEVEN Corset at 8/11. My measurements are—

Waist..... Hips.....

I enclose 1/- Deposit, with 6d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each. If not satisfied, and I return the Garment at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit.

State measurements and enclose Coupon with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and Postal Order crossed thus / / in ink.

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John Bull, 18/1/36. *No.* 409.

Post your Order at once to—

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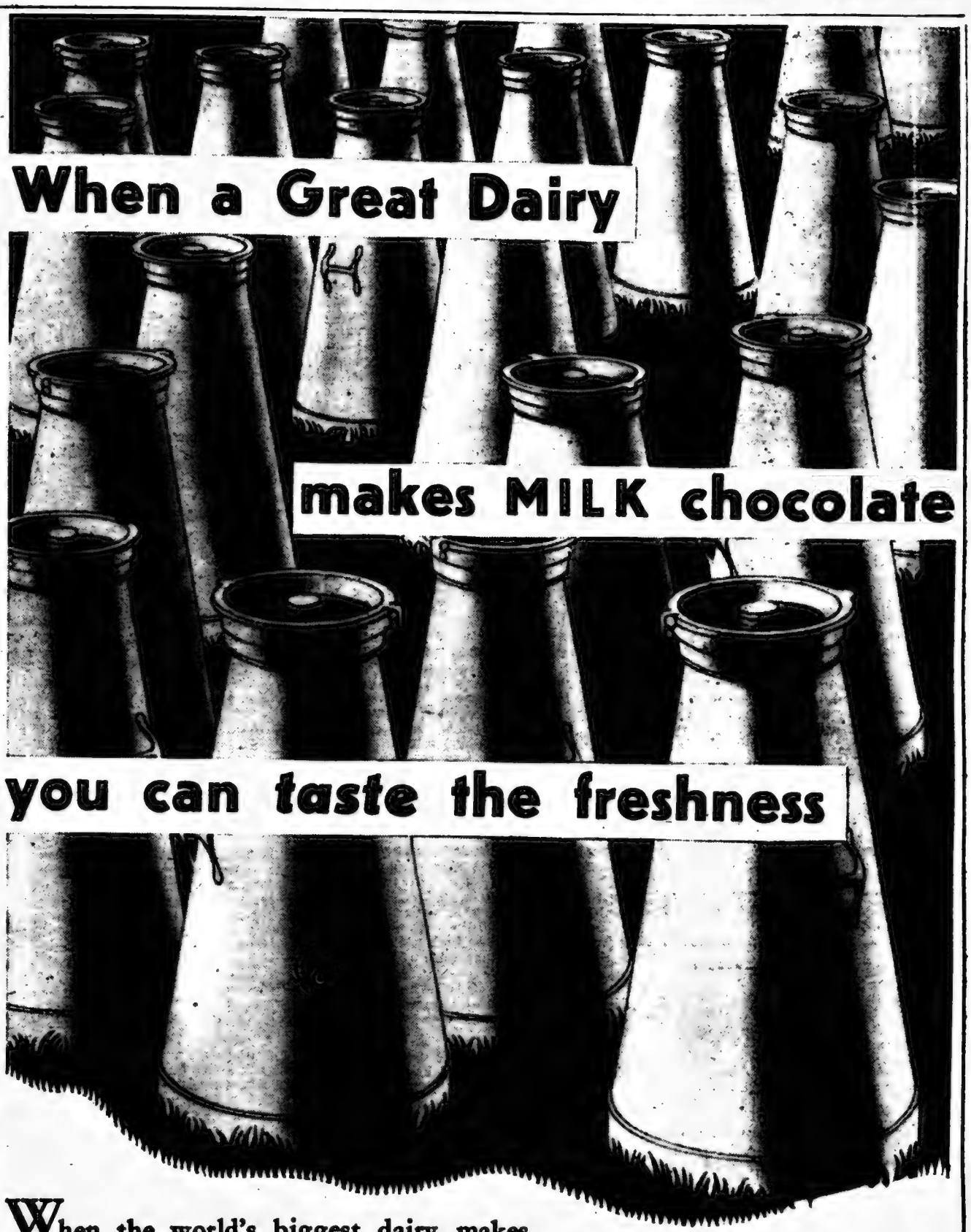

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No wonder Nestlé's chocolate has a fresher, richer flavour! The creamy taste the children love is the taste of English cream.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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in one shampoo—safely without injurious dyes or bleaches—not even Camomile or Henna.

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In flat tins 3d. and 6d.
2½d. per ounce loose.

FOR MANY YEARS—MAN & BOY

The MIGHTY ATOM —in Yourself

"THERE is no doubt, as the jury has found, that you are guilty of a particularly vicious and cowardly assault on a defenceless and aged woman . . . and I have no hesitation in sentencing you to be kept in the appointed place, there to undergo treatment until those in charge of you certify that your Endocrine glands are functioning permanently in a normal way. . . ."

It sounds very unusual. Yet, long before the end of this century, judges may be sentencing prisoners in words to this effect—that is, if we are sensible enough to start applying the results of medical research to the reform of some individuals we now brand as "criminal."

What is it that makes a man a "criminal"? Well, it is just that his Endocrine glands are not behaving as they do in normal citizens with no "criminal tendencies."

At least, that is what science now believes lies at the root of all his troubles. Science suggests that the horrors of drunkenness, drug-addiction, cruelty, violence, sexual aberration, thieving and even murder are largely caused by disturbances among the "criminal's" Endocrine glands.

It seems almost certain, too, that science is right in this belief. And the whole matter is so obviously important that it is worth while taking a glance at this Endocrine gland proposition to see what it is all about.

The Endocrine glands (Greek: Endon—within; krinein—to separate) exist in eight sets, scattered through the body. Associated with the brain are the *Pituitary* and *Pineal* glands. In the neck lie the *Thyroid* and the four *Parathyroids;* and in the chest the *Thymus*. Embedded in the pancreas (you call it "sweetbread" when it is in a calf) are the *Islets of Langerhans*. The *Adrenals*, placed on top of the kidneys, and the sex-glands make up the rest.

ALL these glands are never-closing laboratories, manufacturing complicated chemical substances and pouring them into the blood-stream. These substances control the whole gamut of our emotions and desires.

When danger threatens or a sudden crisis confronts you, the Adrenal glands at once respond, pouring out a substance which raises your blood pressure instantly, prepares you to be combative, aggressive, able to meet your opponents.

In addition, the Adrenals secrete a substance which controls sexual development. Should these glands cease to function properly, should they be damaged, their owner may even change his or her sex. Women in such cases have been known to develop beards, while their voices break.

Partial disablement of the Adrenals can plainly cause, therefore, all those distressing varieties of sexual aberration which so often and necessarily bring their victim before a judge and jury.

Proper medical attention to such a prisoner's Adrenal glands would obviously do more to help in these sad cases than a sentence of imprisonment.

Of course, "cures" cannot be *guaranteed* at present. But soon they will be. Yet, even then, how many weary years shall we have to wait before the Law will bring in Science to reform the "criminals" it fails to cure by punishment?

Generally speaking, an individual whose Endocrines are working out of harmony with one another is a mewed eagle, beating against the bars of its cage—imagining himself much grander than the circumstances of his life indicate. Tremendous dreams, imaginations, despairs and vanities are the stuff of his existence.

Such day-dreams of power and magnificence usurp complete control of the mind, becoming more real than the actual facts of everyday life.

Obviously such a state of affairs is very dangerous. Unless the victim of glandular disorders commands exceptional means of self-expression (Shelley, for example, a typical glandular subject, "escaped" into his poetry) he will kick over the traces of ordinary restraint.

Half the silly boys and girls who find themselves in the dock charged with "crimes" of bravado and showing-off—attempts to imitate the exploits of American gangsters, for example—are simply young people whose Endocrines are all at sixes and sevens.

Each year thousands of lasses and lads start "sowing their wild oats," running into debt, generally playing the fool, causing their parents endless trouble and sorrow. In most cases their glands calm down in a year or two, and they themselves "settle down and start taking life seriously." But if the Thyroid balance does not re-establish itself a youngster is only too likely to drift on a wastrel, a ne'er-do-well—a "criminal."

DOCTORS can already readjust such derangements in many cases. Magistrates and judges should have powers to apply this knowledge to cure the wilful young people who so often make hard problems for police-court missionaries.

The romantic-sounding "Islets of Langerhans," tucked away in your pancreas, are named after their discoverer. So far as we know at present, their only function seems to be to produce Insulin, and to keep the concentration of it in your blood at a certain level.

Insulin controls the amount of sugar in your blood. Too little Insulin means too much sugar. Too much sugar means diabetes, a lingering disease and premature death. Nowadays deficiency of natural Insulin can be remedied by regular injection of laboratory-prepared Insulin—and so diabetes can be controlled but not cured.

Too much Insulin, of course, means too little sugar. And that, by the way, causes another and different illness almost as serious as diabetes itself.

But all the glands, with all their marvellous powers over your temperament and conduct, are themselves subordinate to the control of one master gland—the Pituitary.

This king-pin Endocrine lies at the base of your brain, half-way between your nose and the back of your head. Composed of three distinct lobes, it is yet so tiny that a sixpence would weigh as much as six Pituitary glands.

All the emotions are unlocked, controlled and co-ordinated by the Pituitary through the various subtle chemical compounds which it pours out into your bloodstream.

Naturally so tiny a gland can only produce minute quantities of the necessary compounds; but so potent is each substance that the merest trace is enough to stimulate or check the activities of the other Endocrines.

Many similes and comparisons have been used to describe the Pituitary's vital rôle. The most common is perhaps the best—so let us describe the Pituitary as "the conductor of the Endocrine Orchestra."

JUST as a conductor conjures harmony and order out of the many instruments of his players, so the Pituitary can weave the jarring discords of the body into a rhythm of happy good health.

But, should the Pituitary not act normally, all the remaining Endocrines are thrown out of gear. Chaos replaces contentment.

Excessive Pituitary activity causes, very often, rapid and uncontrolled growth. Most of the giants of the circus grew so tall because their Pituitaries were over-busy. And, oddly enough, the "fat ladies" owe their exhibitionist bulk to Pituitary deficiency, one of the surest signs of which is a sudden and calamitous increase in weight.

Morally, no less than physically, Pituitary deficiency causes disaster. Derangement in the Pituitary's action at once alters the character of its unlucky victim—and does so for the worse. Directly the Pituitary functions properly again all the clouds of moral disaster are likely to pass.

Now some causes of Pituitary failures are already quite controllable. Doctors are so studying others that they will probably yield the secret of their cure very soon. This means that the reason behind another whole batch of "crimes" turns out to be all a matter of glands and chemicals!

AND so what might seem the permanent bed-rock of character and personality can be changed by controlling the activity of a tiny gland. Crime comes down to glandular maladjustment; and treatment from a specialist is obviously more helpful than a sentence of five years' penal servitude.

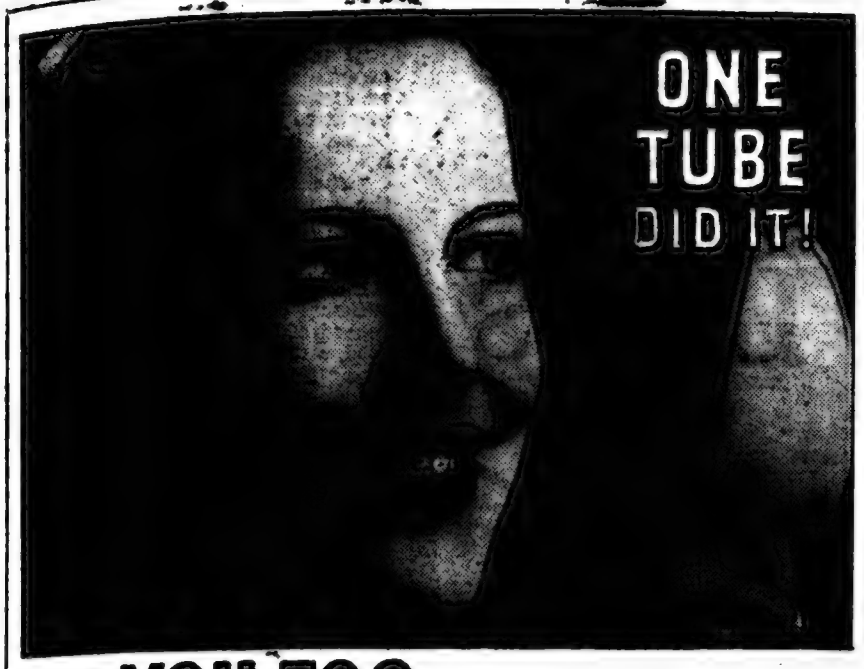
The future seems full of promise in this direction. A tremendous mass of social and personal misery is already curable. The square pegs will be able to be fitted into round holes in a few years time; because by altering their Endocrine balance the corners will be removed from their characters.

This great step forward in reforming the "criminals" of humanity can be organised if only the nation would wake up to the achievements of Endocrine research and alter the law in line with its indications.

Unhappily such a piece of common sense will not be achieved without much struggling through many years. That is one of the stupidities of mankind.

We still think it "practical" to repeat the mistake of our grandfathers and send a man to jail and despair instead of handing him over to a doctor.

If American gangsters temporarily affect youngsters, medical science tells us it is all due to their glands!



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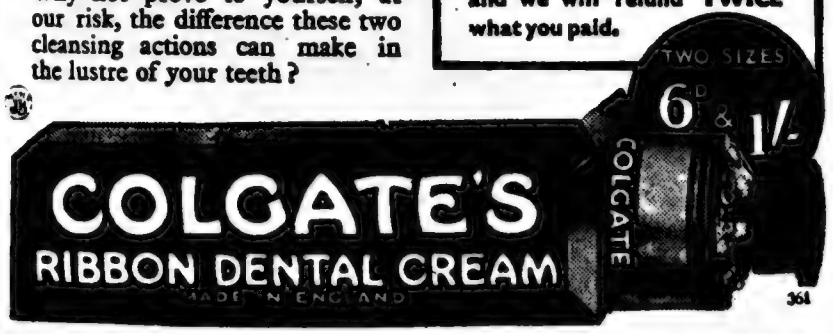

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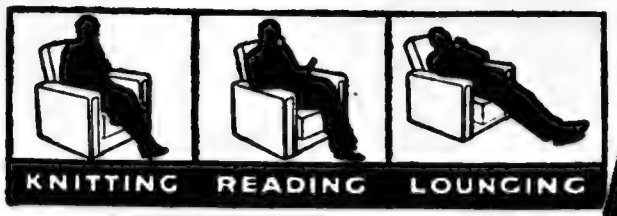

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- HOW TO OVERCOME SHYNESS.
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ARE you nervous, self-conscious, shy? Do you blush, feel ill at ease when talking to strangers? NOW you can quickly banish these fears—you can be the person you WANT to be!

I'LL GIVE YOU DETERMINED COURAGE — IN 36 HOURS!

HUNDREDS of people are not themselves—lead unhappy lives, because they allow nervousness, fear of criticism, shyness and other fears to blight their lives. Yet fears of the future, fears of themselves, fears of the opposite sex and superiors is absolutely unnecessary! If you suffer in this way you can apply a simple method that instantly gives relief. There is no inconvenience, you won't have to wait for results—at once you will feel the benefit and within 36 hours your fears will be gone! Send for this book now, you will be astonished!

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ARE you shy, nervous, self-conscious, afraid of people? Send for my fully illustrated FREE BOOK. Then give me 36 hours and I'll make you positively alive with determined new courage. This book will shew you how to banish all forms of nervousness. A few copies are being offered free. Send the coupon at once!

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The Broadway, Hammersmith, LONDON.

Please send me at once, free and without obligation a copy of your new book "How To Overcome Nervousness" in plain wrapper.

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Address .....

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18/1/36.

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THAT continual sniff ...that constant cold in the head...that stuffed up feeling... making life a misery should not be tolerated.

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH ... it is spelling for trouble later... deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic, (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, 'buses, trams or where infection is present).

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Where HOPE Still LIVES

by Minnie Pallister

IT was a cold, wet morning when I was taken over the moors to revisit the Eastern Valley of Monmouthshire. I had walked the moors many a time, when the sun shone, the larks sang, and the buoyant mountain air seemed to lift me from the scented mountain turf.

Now the thin rain swept over them mercilessly and the wind cut like a knife.

As we reached the once prosperous town of Blaenavon, the scene became more desolate and dreary.

The hideous black coal tips seemed to have sprung to life. They were covered by crawling figures, men who had paid a few coppers for the privilege of picking out bits of coal from the rubbish.

The magnificent blast furnaces, steelworks, rolling mills, coke ovens and collieries which a few short years ago were world famous, and which had been the centre of a flourishing community, were derelict and rapidly falling into ruins; the workmen who had built their halls and institutes, established great social services, and been proud of their town and their industries, left high and dry.

In one of the tiny, grimy windows of a squalid dwelling that I passed, a flaming scarlet amaryllis defiantly flaunted its flag, as though it challenged the prevailing misery—a symbol of undying courage, of the human spirit, which can triumph over despair.

In my search over two hundred miles of the Welsh valleys, I was to be reminded of that red lily many times, for here and there in the deadly devastation of this distressful little country there are cases of hope.

In one place there stands a derelict brewery, solidly built, in a fine position, and containing immense rooms—it cost well over £20,000 before the war.

The Subsistence Production Society acquired this huge building, together with five plots of land, 386 acres in all; one plot contains a quarry, which is producing lime for the land.

THERE is a herd of tested Ayrshire cattle, there are pigs and chickens, there are greenhouses capable of producing 4,000 lb. of tomatoes, there are large plots of vegetables and orchards, and in one sheltered corner I saw men going through beehives, gloating over this year's harvest and making great plans for next year.

In what was a dilapidated corner of the premises a modern bakery has been built. In another room men were using knitting machines to make socks and pullovers. In another, suits and overcoats were being made. There was a carpenter's shop, a printer's shed, a canteen with gigantic cooking ranges, which it is hoped one day will cater for hundreds of men daily, a butcher's shop, and a very important room where boots were being repaired.

The men on the land and in the buildings were still unemployed, still in receipt of benefit, but they were busier than they had been for many a day.

I set out next morning from Brynmawr, the city set on a hill, passing the spot which many a time I had passed before, when it was a hideous "dump." Now by voluntary labour it has been transformed into a swimming pool, sports ground and public park. In one corner there is a charming nursery school.

We went through desolate villages and towns, where the empty shops with boarded-up windows, and the groups of men at the corners of the streets, told their own tale.

AT last, in the heart of Glamorganshire, we came to the hamlet of Lantwit Major, where there is a legend that St. Paul himself visited the place and founded its ancient church.

Hidden away in the woods near it we found Ham Manor, a queer building dating from the fifteenth century and rebuilt in the nineteenth. In the great entrance hall two women were playing ping-pong, in one of the panelled rooms a group of women sat round the enormous grate, which looked as though it had been expressly built for burning a yule log.

In a kitchen, vast and cavernous, looking more like a dungeon than anything else, two women with a handyman were cooking dinner for fifty on the largest and most cumbersome range I ever saw. A red-hot furnace blazed in the grate, heating the low oven and boiling potatoes and cabbage in huge iron boilers.

I wandered into the gardens, neglected and overrun, but at one time elaborately laid out with marble balustrades, lawns, fish-ponds. I climbed endless steps to the view tower to see the exquisite countryside. A typical mansion for a wealthy family's playground in the spacious days when there was no servant problem, and now a holiday home sponsored by the students of the Welsh University!

HERE come women from distressed areas.

Here for one blessed fortnight they can eat meals which someone else has cooked, bathe, walk in the country lanes, lie on a decent bed. One woman I spoke to had not had a holiday since her wedding day. Several had never slept away from home in their lives. One woman became lyrical: "Fancy sitting down and not knowing what you're going to have, and not having to cook it, and something different every day, and nothing to worry about; it's just heaven!" It was just a blessed respite after years of privation and ceaseless toil.

A few miles farther on we found a holiday centre for men, in a derelict malthouse, which they themselves had repaired and reconditioned.

In a long, low, whitewashed room decorated by an unemployed miner with delicate landscapes (one of the "discoveries" which are always being made of talent which has been buried underground), I chatted with the men at dinner.

One of them took me down the bright garden afterwards and tried to tell me in halting words what this centre had meant to him.

"I used to hear a lot of talk about communal life," he said, "but here we've had a chance to live it. I was afraid to come at first, thought it was 'dope,' but once you've been it gets hold of you.

"The men work in the morning in the garden and field and doing the place up, then we have all sorts of lectures and debates and get out in the country."

But what of the children, the chief sufferers of the debacle, who are being robbed of every right of a child, decent food, a decent home, warm clothing?

"In another room suits are made." A part of the old brewery that unemployed Welsh miners have made a centre of communal life

It was a long, long way to a bleak windy sea beach, where gaunt ruins marked the site of munition works which during the war employed thousands of men. There was little left of the gigantic sheds built at incredible cost, but the solid building which had housed the offices still stood.

There was a cold rain falling as we entered the doors and were met by the indescribable din of 350 boys, who all appeared to be shouting at once.

The superintendent seemed quite unperturbed, and was delighted to tell us of the work which was being done for boys who needed special care from necessitous areas.

The boys come down in batches of 350 with a teacher for every fourteen. With the staff, the household is 400. Tea-time, with 350 boys eating stewed figs and slabs of bread and butter, suggested at once the housekeeping difficulties for such an enormous family, which consumes 30 gallons of milk, 170 lb. of meat, and 70 4-lb. loaves of bread a day.

In the kitchens all the ingenuity which was utilised in making materials for death in war-time has been shown in adapting gadgets for health and life in this holiday school.

There are huge boilers holding 50 gallons of custard, or fruit or soup. There are clever little hinged metal rollers in which the roly-poly puddings are boiled. There is an up-to-date range with dripping-pans over a yard long, and an electric hotplate. The electric potato cleaner does the 2½ cwt. of potatoes which are needed for each meal in half an hour with practically no waste.

In an adjoining building 7,000 gallons of water are heated and clarified for the daily needs of showers and cleaning. There is a plant for disinfecting and sterilising blankets, there is a dispensary and sick-room.

While at the school the boys have lessons, though the time-table is arranged to fit in with the tides. They have sports and concerts; above all, they have good and abundant food and fresh sea air.

ONLY an odd blossom or two blooming bravely in the gloom of a derelict country, but surely there is a portent of something which will grow from the blood and agony of Wales. . . .

A brewery turned into a centre for communal life.

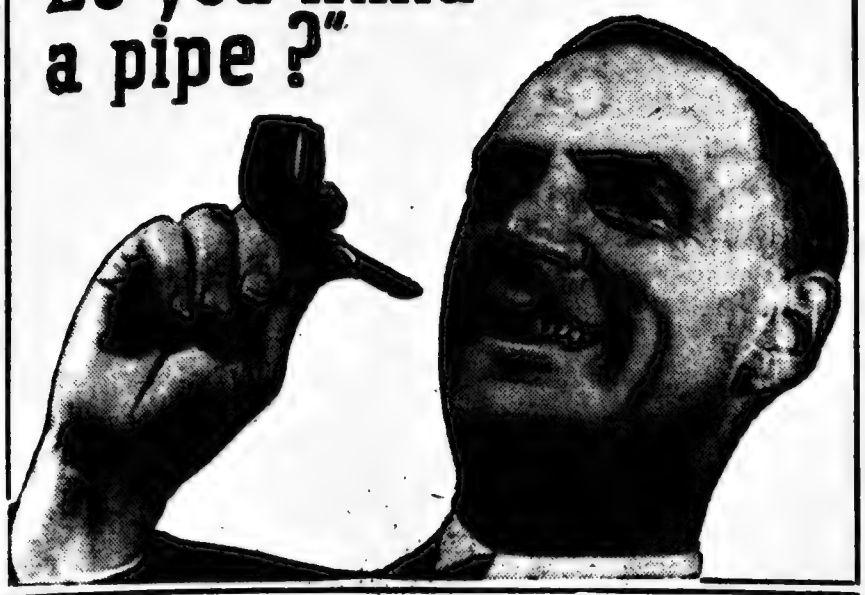
A malthouse made into a home for men broken by circumstance.

A rich man's mansion used as a haven for women crushed by toil and misfortune.

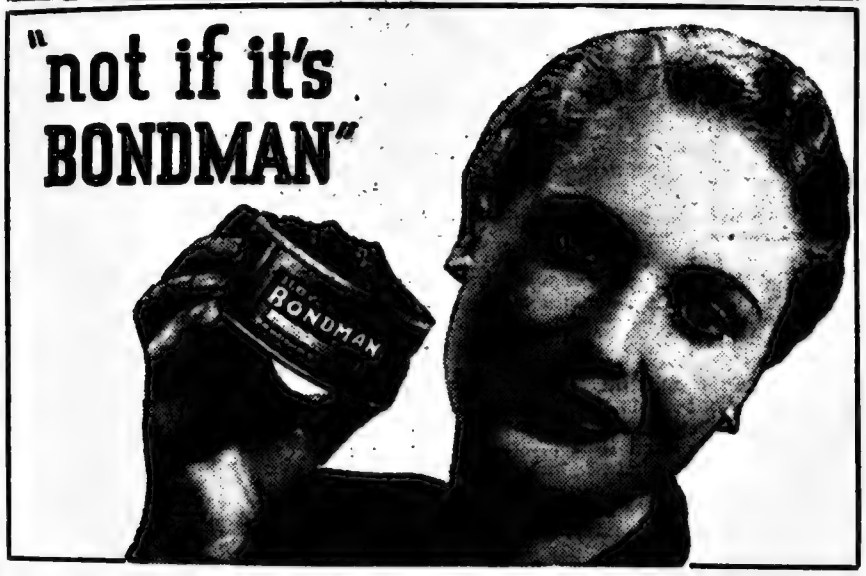
A munition factory transformed into a holiday school!

Are these not the beginnings of a time when all the marvels made by man shall be used for the enriching of his life?

"Do you mind a pipe ?"



"not if it's BONDMAN"



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- BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d. *per oz.*
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(42)

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.2

Cures Your COUGH OR Costs You NOTHING

All affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are dangerous. If you suffer from

COUGHS, COLDS, 'FLU, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

you are invited to accept this Wonderful VENO offer. Obtain a bottle of Venos Lightning Cough Cure AT ONCE. If it doesn't stop your cough return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, and your money will be refunded immediately.

You *mustn't* let that cough hang on. You *can't afford* to stand the risk of the grave complications which so often arise. Time and time again, serious lung trouble has developed from even a *slight* cough.

VENOS *Lightning* Cough Cure Brings Relief with the First Dose

Coughing stops; Throat, Chest and Lungs are soothed and fortified. Venos is purely herbal, wonderful for children's Coughs.

10 YEARS' COUGHING WIPED AWAY

Every winter for 10 years I have coughed away my health. Then I decided to try Venos Lightning Cough Cure. Believe me, by the end of 48 hours the 10 winters of suffering was wiped away. My coughing has stopped —I feel well and happy—and ever so much stronger! Mrs. A. G.

TERRIBLE COUGH ENTIRELY GONE

My cough was terrible. It seemed to tear my lungs to pieces. My chest was so raw that it was agony to breathe. Night and day I had no rest. But since I tried Venos Lightning Cough Cure the cough has entirely gone. Mrs. F. M.

VENOS *Lightning* BRAND COUGH CURE

For COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS & 'FLU

11½d., 1/3 & 3/- *Per Bottle.*

BILIOUS ATTACKS BANISHED

Mrs. Hallas, 41, Regent Road, Blackpool, writes: "I feel I must write and tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from Vitadatio. Before taking your medicine, I never missed a week without a Bilious Attack, and used to feel awful for many a day. There were lots of foods I dare not eat, but now I can eat almost anything without any bad effect. I recommend it to everybody, and shall never be without Vitadatio."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier —invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd. Chemists and Stores, 8/- & 5/- per bottle (post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles for export only, post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ASHLEY, LEIGH.

Accept this FREE OFFER of a TRIAL BOTTLE of WINCARNIS!

If you are run down or suffer from nerves, if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, fill in your name and address in the coupon on the Front Cover, and enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage, etc. A generous sample bottle of Wincarnis will be sent to you, FREE! Start taking Wincarnis now and get back your old vigour quickly and surely!

TURN to the FRONT COVER NOW!

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

URACE brand TABLETS have done my Rheumatism a lot of good—backache and stiffness have entirely gone. I can now move about with ease. Nurse J. K——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Bonner Street, London, E.C.2. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

SORE THROAT?

Simply rub on this clean, stainless ointment before you go to bed. Your throat will feel better right away. Whilst you sleep its "deep healing" warmth is at work, loosening the congestion, soothing and healing! It never fails. Better than a mustard plaster — it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist today. Costs 2/6d. but is very economical as owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it, you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

"It is the first preparation to effectively stop and cure a cold and sore throat that I have found."— Says a Dartford, Kent, user.

At all Chemists

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MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

gives *certain* relief in

CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS

Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., 4 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

MAKE-UP WILL NOT HIDE IMPERFECT SKIN!

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send a postcard to-day for a liberal sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.18, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4

CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Blackheads, Chilblains, or other skin troubles. A few drops of this marvellous preparation give instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at your chemist.

D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION

Banishes Skin Troubles

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS NEW WAY OF SHAVING?

FREE Trial Tube

CORO-SHAVE gives you a clean, comfortable shave without soap or hot water, and leaves your skin as smooth and soft as satin. A free seven-day trial tube will be sent in return for a 1½d. stamp to cover packing.

Write to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 37), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

COS 2-36

ROMANCE *comes* OUT of Storage

THE last places you would connect with romance would probably be furniture depositories. They seem such matter-of-fact businesses devoted to such an ordinary purpose—the storage of household goods that nobody wants, at the moment, at least.

Grim factory-like exteriors, bare barn-like rooms, and furniture of all sorts and kinds stacked high to the roof with a precision born of years of experience—that would describe nine out of ten of these vast warehouses. Nothing more prosaic could be imagined.

Yet evidence that unexpected things can and do happen in such surroundings was forthcoming the other day. A workman who stored an old chair which he believed to be worth a few shillings in a London depository twelve years ago sought, at long last, to sell it. He had no difficulty in getting £300 for it.

And that's nothing out of the ordinary, according to the baize-aproned workmen who could store your furniture into about half the space you would use if doing your best to emulate them.

These little peopleless worlds of beds unslept in, carpets untrodden and pianos unplayed, see comedy, drama and romance just like the outside world.

There is the story of an old man who died in Kensington at the age of eighty-nine. He left, among other effects, some antique furniture stored in one of London's biggest depositories. And he also left more than £50,000, of which £8,000 was to go to a nephew in Iraq.

Now that nephew was satisfied that the old man had made a later will. He felt sure that if such a will were found and proved he would be heir to at least half the estate. So he set in operation a complete and systematic search of all his late uncle's papers, cabling from Baghdad that it would be useful if the furniture he had stored away before his death was searched as well.

* * *

ONE morning the depository was visited and all the furniture mentioned was searched without avail. Drawers were removed, panels tapped, and still no trace could be found of any missing paper. Then, almost inadvertently, one of the workmen employed at the warehouse touched a piece of the beading of a centuries-old bureau. A secret drawer flew open and revealed a later will.

Bad news indeed for the young man who instituted the search, for it cut his legacy down from £8,000 to less than £500!

Then there is the story of the baby's bed-cot—a real unsolved mystery of the Great War.

The cot, which was of the folding variety, and had a handkerchief full of heavy metal, believed to be brackets for fastening it together again, tied to one of the legs, was left in this London depository in 1916

For a time remittances were received in respect of the furniture of which this was part, and then these ceased. At last the handkerchief was removed and untied—and there, inside, were all the metal parts of as deadly a little bomb as the mind of man could conceive.

It was not a Mills grenade, that best known of all war-time bombs. In fact, experts said it was hand-made, and that probably the owner of the cot—who could not be traced—was its inventor.

Anyhow, the employees at the depository have never ceased speculating about it. Was it to play a part in some projected assassination that never came to anything? Did the baby's cot belong to a spy, who found England was getting too hot for him? Or—and this is the most widely held theory of all—was the bomb the work of an inventor who hoped to get the Army to adopt it and who, failing to interest anybody in it, joined the Army and was killed?

An even stranger mystery—although more of a homely nature—surrounds a pile of furniture left in a Glasgow depository fifteen years ago, with payment for its storage for several years.

Romance, tragedy and comedy can be revealed when furniture is moved into and out of storage—or even when it is merely moved from one house to another

Furniture is checked into storage so carefully that it is rather remarkable that not until the woman customer had left was it noticed that under a dust-cloth covering a cage was—a talking parrot.

The woman never came back. Ordinarily, goods left under such circumstances are sold to defray the cost of storage. But not so the bird. He is still alive and still in store! He is so much the pet of the whole staff, however, that if his old owner were to turn up suddenly it is doubtful whether she would get Polly back without a struggle.

And now for the story of a Manchester man whose family was moving to Lincoln, and who, therefore, wanted to store his furniture in a local depository.

After three or four years the family had difficulty in keeping up the payments, so they ordered that it should be sold. The wrench was obviously going to be a very severe one, for some of the stuff had been in the family for generations.

Surprise No. 1 was when they got £85 for a pale walnut table on which they had put a value of about £3. Surprise No. 2 soon dwarfed that.

A dealer probing the interior of a desk pulled at a decorative arch built over one of the letter slots. Out came a small drawer. Tightly wedged inside were little cotton sacks that had once been white, and from one of them there tumbled into his hand a cascade of gold.

No less than £570 in sovereigns and half-sovereigns had been tumbled on to a table before the drawer was empty. And so the family was able to avoid selling the family heirlooms and go home with a tidy little fortune into the bargain.

Such secret drawers are often found in depositories—but only rarely are they found to contain valuables. For the benefit of people who believe that a fortune is the necessary corollary to the discovery of a secret drawer, let it be said that they have been known to contain dead rats, summonses, unpaid bills and the like. Count yourself lucky if the first secret drawer you find contains as much as an old favourite briar!

* * *

THERE are so many oil-paintings to be found stored at every depository in the country that it would be strange indeed if such a story as this contained no mention of pictures thought valueless that had realised small fortunes.

But for every one such instance there are a thousand optimists who are storing old junk pictures in the mistaken belief that they are worth a royal ransom—although the chances are that they'll never find a buyer to share their beliefs.

The good luck stories that depository workers talk about most are those concerning people who have made a few hundred pounds profit as a result of storing their furniture instead of selling it. Hundreds of thousands of war-time soldiers who laid up their homes on joining the Army had this good luck.

A man joining the Army in 1916 and putting in two and a half years of fighting would draw a total of £45 in pay at a private's rates. It was only necessary for him to store about £30 worth of furniture to make as much out of his home as he drew in pay.

Many were those who cleared £250 or so out of the rise in furniture values. In other words, while they were fighting for a shilling a day, the homes they had left behind were earning them five times as much.

* * *

SOMETIMES the order came "Please sell." Usually it told the story of another man who had laid down his life for his country.

"Please sell" is a regular instruction, even in peace time. What tragedies it betokens of women who have waited and waited in vain for a fairy prince only to decide that marriage, a home, children, were not meant for them. Of men who have asked and asked again, and have always been told "No!" Of families abroad who have always hoped to return one day to England, only to find, in the end, that they have become too firmly rooted in their new surroundings ever to return to the Motherland.

"Please sell" was requested, recently, by a Mayfair woman who had just five times as much furniture as her mansion needed. She could furnish it in any one of five different periods, and made a practice of changing her whole furnishing and decorative scheme once a year.

In the end she tired even of that. She filled her house with chromium furniture and sold off all her period stuff!

Yes, there is romance, tragedy, heartbreak and comedy locked away with the furniture in the depositories of Britain.

Notice how cots predominate. Often they tell the story of the second baby that never arrived, and are now saved for a grandchild. Will that hope, too, never be realised?

Kidney Trouble Ended Quickly By New Discovery

Doctors Praise Cystex — Works in 15 Minutes

Cleans Out Acids and Poisons—Purifies Blood—Brings New Vigour in 48 Hours

There are 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys which must work every minute of the night and day cleaning out Acids, Disease Germs, Poisons, and Wastes from your blood. If your Kidneys or Bladder do not work right, your body gradually becomes poisoned, you feel old and worn-out before your time, and may suffer from any of these serious and dangerous symptoms: Disturbed Nights, Loss of Vigour, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting, Itching and Acidity.

But you need not suffer another day from the dangers of Kidney troubles or Bladder weakness, thanks to a Doctor's discovery of the special Kidney prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex).

Dr. T. J. R——, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says:—"Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many common Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

Dr. T. J. R.

Cystex is not an experiment—it is quick and sure in action and has been tested and proved in millions of cases throughout the world. Because it combats and corrects the real underlying causes of Kidney trouble and much illness, Cystex has gained a world-wide reputation as a successful treatment. Dr. L. C. Charland, eminent Physician and Surgeon, of Montreal, recently wrote: "I have had excellent results by prescribing the same formula used for Cystex which is available at any chemists. As a hygienic aid to the treatment of many Kidney and Bladder ailments, I consider Cystex a prescription of merit."

Dr. L. C. Charland

Because it is a special prescription for the Kidneys, Cystex starts work in 15 minutes to tone, soothe, and heal raw, sore, sick Kidneys and Bladder, and brings a new feeling of health, youth and vigour in 48 hours.

Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, well-known Physician and Medical Examiner of San Francisco, recently wrote: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs, and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise, they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully commend the use of Cystex."

Dr. C. Z. Rendelle

Because of its world-wide success, in even the most stubborn cases, the Doctor's prescription called Cystex is offered to sufferers from Kidney troubles and Bladder weakness under the fair-play guarantee to end your troubles to your complete satisfaction or your money back on return of empty package. Get Cystex from any chemist and try it under the money-back guarantee. See for yourself how much younger, stronger, and healthier you will feel by using this special Kidney prescription. Cystex must fix you up and do the work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days or cost you nothing under the money-back guarantee. Beware of substitutes and remember that the Kidneys are endangered by drastic, irritating drugs or neglect. Cystex is the only specially-prepared Doctor's prescription guaranteed for Kidney trouble. Get Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) to-day from Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists. Beware of substitutes. Cystex is the one Doctor's prescription specially prepared and guaranteed for Kidney troubles.

SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE PRAISE CYSTEX

I am writing to let you know the benefit I got by taking Cystex. I had Lumbago for years, but since taking Cystex for only a few weeks I have not had a pain. I am 75 years of age and living on pension, but as long as I can afford it I will never be without Cystex. Mr. F. V., Chestnut Cottage, Miller Street, Larkhall, Lanarkshire.

"Cystex" saved me from an operation which would have meant death to a man of nearly 80 years. I had to get up nearly every hour of the night. Now I sleep well. "Cystex" has set me up and I feel better right through. I recommend "Cystex" to all suffering as I did. You may use this letter, as it may benefit someone else. G. N. Williamson, Hurst Bridge, Victoria.

I have already found "Cystex" do me a great amount of good. I had seven hours' sleep last night, the best sleep I have had for two years. I am 73 years of age, but very active, and "Cystex" has made me feel many years younger. You may use this letter. W. J. L., P.O., Cohuna, Victoria.

Recently I suffered greatly from backaches, being at times prostrated. I was advised to try "Cystex" which I did, with amazing results. I found it a wonderful cure for Kidney trouble, in fact it improved my health generally. I can recommend "Cystex" for all sufferers from Kidney disorders. Mrs. Ivy Henderson, Willoughby, Sydney, N.S.W.

At week-ends

A man can't *help* feeling glad at the week-end. Home to dinner on Saturday, with a quiet afternoon—and (the final luxury) a case of Whiffs. Wills's Whiffs—quite mild and exceptionally cool.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6° 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

W.W.16.

FREE YOUR HAIR FROM HAIR-STIFLING DANDRUFF

"For years my hair had been falling out, the scalp was quite visible in some places owing to extreme thinness of the hair. Nothing seemed to help, not even on the dandruff, which was very irritable. Yet two boxes of Kotalko stopped the falling of the hair, thickened the growth on the bare parts, and cleared the dandruff. The general hairgrowth strengthened and gained new vitality. Several of my friends remarked upon the great improvement.

"Kotalko Soap is also economical and very cleansing. Many of my relations now use the soap for shampooing."—Mrs. B. Lyons.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWTH

You can free your scalp and hair from hair-stifling dandruff—stop hair falling and lose—even if nearly bald.

TEST-BOX COUPON

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD., 9, Percy Street, S.E.D.S., London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those a pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

MAKE NO MISTAKE!

There is no other adhesive as good as SECCOTINE. Tests have proved it to be twice as strong as others. That is why you should make certain of seeing the name SECCOTINE on the tube.

In tubes everywhere, 6½d., 9d., and 9d.

Free booklet from Dept. J.B., M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast.

SECCOTINE
THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE
STICKS EVERYTHING

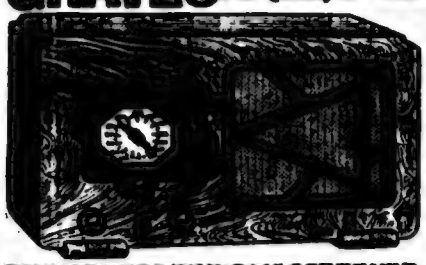
HOW TO GET RID OF WRINKLES

While your face is relaxed in sleep, the skin can most readily absorb the nourishing and rejuvenating properties of Biocel, which is now contained in the new Tokalon Biocel Skinfood, Rose Colour. Thus, wrinkles are removed, lines of care and complexion defects disappear during the night. In the morning, is revealed the fresh, clear beauty of the soft new skin underneath. It makes any woman look from 10 to 15 years younger.

This is what a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist told me when she described the startling discovery of Biocel by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. He proved that wrinkles and sagging facial muscles are not caused by age, but by lack of biocel in the skin. This valuable youth element has been obtained from young animals and is scientifically blended in the new Tokalon Biocel Skinfood, Rose Colour. Apply it to-night and look younger to-morrow. Success is guaranteed or money refunded.

for HOARSENESS
Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a sweet.
6d VICK LOZENGES

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SCREENED GRID SELF-CONTAINED BATTERY-DRIVEN 3-VALVE RECEIVER gives all you want in Radio, at a very low price and on Terms you can afford.
Every component the best of its class. Iron-Cored Multi-Wire Coils. Double Circuit Tuning. Full Vision Illuminated Dial. British Valves. 120-volt H.T Battery, large capacity 2-volt plate Lyne Accumulator. Permanent Nickel-Aluminium Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Steel Chassis. Cabinet in two shades of Walnut: 18½in x 10½in x 9½in. Everything complete, including Aerial and Earth Equipment—nothing else to buy. The whole outfit safely packed & Carriage Paid to destination. £7.12.0
8/- NOW
Easy Terms: 8/- now, and 8/- monthly.
IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including super Hets.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Radiant Health in Middle Age

deKUYPER'S HEART LABEL HOLLANDS

to agents THE BIG TWO Send direct
BETS BY POST
ACCEPTED FROM
1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10 UP TO ANY AMOUNT
WINNINGS BY RETURN
OVER THE STICKS
The same generous terms as for the Flat
DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.
SEND AT ONCE FOR
ENGLISH CUP
LONG ODDS PRICE LIST
EVERY TEAM QUOTED
'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS
SIX LEAGUES
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED
ALL POSTAGE PAID
Please send your Lists. I am over 21.
Name .....
J.B.18/1/36
Address .....
Town .....
County .....
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C.2

Another Job for JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL has already fought for many of the reforms urged in these published letters and in hundreds of others. We can only assure our readers that "John Bull" will do it again!

I'D like the Champion of the People's Rights to try to secure the restoration of the penny post.

During the war 50 per cent. was added as a temporary measure to assist the country.

No one complained of that, but, notwithstanding the enormous profits made by the Post Office annually, there is still no sign of a return to the original penny fee.

Occasionally a feeble protest against this surcharge is made in the daily Press, but the authorities only smile; their motto is, 'Let sleeping dogs lie." With a powerful advocate, backed by the will of the People, this long-overdue reform would speedily become an accomplished fact.—*A. S., Swanwick.*

Needs "Cleaning Up"!

Every week JOHN BULL does a public service by marking its advertisements—where possible—"Tested, J.B." This is a guarantee that only the best is put into the various commodities.

Now, by a series of exposure articles in your columns I believe your admirable system could be extended.

You have exposed the house ramp. Have a go at the *household* one. Following your revelations there would be better value for money. Present-day salesmanship in household commodities needs "cleaning up"!—"*Miner's Wife," South Wales.*

Page for Women

What about giving us a page especially for women? It could be varied, being one week perhaps on housekeeping, another giving us hints on child rearing, while yet another on how to make the most of a small income.

Little competitions would also help to keep it interesting, prizes being given for special little recipes, dress designs, and other things so dear to the hearts of all women.—"*Hopeful," Newcastle.*

Help All Round

JOHN BULL might well take up the cudgels on behalf of the shopkeepers in their endeavour to get a national half-holiday on Saturdays.

All the best sport is on Saturday afternoons; railway excursions are usually cheapest, and one need not worry too much about keeping late hours, knowing that the next day is Sunday.

It would also help the small shopkeeper in the country towns, for with the higher travelling expenses, people would not go into the big towns for the week's shopping.—*P. C. H., Annan.*

A Disgrace

Focus still more brilliantly the searching beam of publicity on the scandalous abuse of female apprenticeship by certain over-avaricious employers.

Incredible though it may seem, the fact remains that even to-day "live-in" assistants in many establishments slave six days out of seven for the absurd sum of half-a-crown, are inadequately fed, and are compelled to put up with unhygienic conditions.

Drastic action is urgently needed, and that such a state of affairs should still be possible is a disgrace to a country priding itself upon progress and civilisation.—*R. D. N., Truro.*

Quite Enough

Can you do something to put a stop to the heartbreaking scenes at the end of every year—the parting between man and his greatest friend? Every year thousands of dogs are put to sleep because of the inability of the owners to pay for their pets' licences.

Out of a meagre 10s. pension—which is hardly enough to keep body and soul together—the aged are unable to afford 7s. 6d., and eventually comes the sad parting. Five shillings for a licence is quite enough.—*H. R., Upton Park.*

Not Forthcoming

"You are granted a separation order with the custody of the children." So said the magistrate to me eleven years ago. The 30s. maintenance for my three children—then under five years of age—has not been forthcoming. I have not seen my husband since that day.

Why should a woman who has given her all for the children be debarred from any possible future happiness with another partner?

I'd like JOHN BULL to impress on our M.P.s the urgent necessity for altering the Divorce Laws.—"*Deserted," Henley.*

Immediate Remedies

The kinema industry is a tremendous and widespread organisation, with a vast amount of wealth involved. But this wealth is very unevenly distributed. At one end of the scale are the fantastic figures paid to film stars; at the other the miserable wages of hard-worked kinema attendants.

Poorly paid, with long hours in a flickering half-light, their lot is a startling contrast with the life of luxury depicted on the screen.

JOHN BULL should apply its undoubted power for good, reveal these conditions to the public gaze, and press for immediate remedies.—*J. W., Cardiff.*

Monster of Iniquity

Although a pedestrian, I would like you to demand fair play for motorists, many of whom are hounded for the most trivial offences.

Some of them suffer the same penalty for some small offence as does the road-hog who blasts his way along the roads.

The sensible motorist would help to stamp out the killers and maimers of the road. But he, in his turn, would welcome a campaign that would help to make him less of a monster of iniquity for committing a tiny "crime."—*A. B. C., Yorks.*

"Family Bar"

An evil which JOHN BULL might tackle is to be seen every week-end in nearly all parts of the country. It is the sight of the wistful little watchers on the thresholds of public-houses.

These children wait—sometimes for hours—for their parents to finish drinking, and the ordeal is particularly hard on wintry nights.

One remedy for the evil would be a "family bar," wherein children could accompany their parents. But bigotry would ban such an idea!—"*Jug and Bottle," S.E.*

In All Homes

JOHN BULL should urge the growing necessity for cheaper telephone facilities that would bring the service within the reach of working-class homes.

Despite the progress made during the last few years we are still one of the most backward nations in respect of telephonic communications.

Further concessions are urgently needed, and a vigorous campaign by JOHN BULL would doubtless have the effect of further popularising a boon which, in this scientific age, should be available to all.—"*Fishponds 658.*"

Extension Wanted

I have seen clerks working in dens that are below the street level; girl typists tapping away in rooms which have never seen the sun.

Some day, presumably, these girls will marry; is such a working environment going to assist in producing the bonny babies we are told the nation needs? And if the need arises, will the hemmed-in clerk march as well as the factory worker?

We want an extension of the Factory Act to the office, and it is one of the jobs I want JOHN BULL to tackle during 1936.—"*Dick," Durham.*

Second Job

Expose the pensions racket. After a period of service, often short compared with other spheres of work, Government officials and others retire on an adequate pension.

But many of them re-enter industry, and in so doing rob someone of a job. The ordinary worker often has no chance when competing against such, for their particular service is an "open sesame" with many employers.

A job and a pension is a racket.—*E. A., Bradford.*

No Obligation

How many people know that a seaman's wages cease the moment his ship sinks? No matter what agony he undergoes before being picked up, or how far from home he is landed—no cash compensates him for his ordeal.

In justice and common humanity, I'd like you to declare the right of these brave men to be paid until they reach the port from which they originally sailed.—"*Ex-Fireman," Sherwood.*

* * *

Only an errand boy, I wish JOHN BULL would try and end that terrible slavery of the handcart or carrier cycle. Toiling for hours at high speed, pushing and pulling a big load along streets that seem to go on for ever, I reach home too tired to enjoy the few hours I *do* get to myself.—*W. T., Euston.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, January 21.

The True Story I'd Like Told

(See page 30)

Race with "Silver Ring"

Note These

TWO letters of particular interest were in my last batch of mail.

One writer takes exception to the statement that nine-year-olds are best for the National.

The other asks if Mr. "Jock" Whitney has another Easter Hero in the stable.

Avenger, owned by Mrs. Mundy, is probably the pick of the youngsters in the nominations.

Mr. Whitney has Royal Ransom, Double Crossed and Rod and Gun engaged. Double Crossed will be the "pea."

Mr. Whitney should have won the National with Easter Hero and another with Sir Lindsay. Perhaps Double Crossed, whom I take as the danger to Golden Miller and Reynoldstown, will pay for all.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 16, to Wednesday, January 22.

R B T F 94 M P Q C 93 98 A K X U Z
H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E V D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: RMYCTIX would read HOPLITE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IMO296MG would read TOMMAOK.

NO SHAVEX NO SOAP REVOLUTION IN SHAVING BRUSH

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the World. Beware of imitations

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING
which takes a quarter of the time.
WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX

The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the Beard and smearing on a little Shavex — and then a perfect shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in perfect condition.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SISTER: I have given up Alec while we were at a dance last night.
BROTHER: Why, has he been kissing another girl?
SISTER: No. He kissed me last night and his face was so rough it made my cheek sore. Nothing is more horrible to a girl than to shrink from a face that is like a lot of pins sticking into you.
BROTHER: He must be a fool. Why doesn't he use Shavex? He need only shave once a day and he will get a marvellous shave. He can shave in a quarter of the time taken by anything else, and my girl says my face is as soft as silk and she asked me what perfume I used on my face. I told her it was all due to Shavex—the perfume and smoothness. Don't worry, old girl, I will tell Alec to use Shavex; you will find a big difference then.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 TUBES & 1/6 POTS

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX
Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. Stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N. 19

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

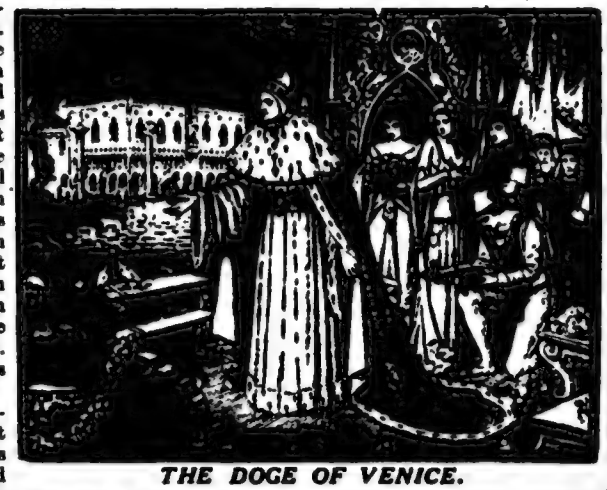
COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.



THE DOGE OF VENICE.

The Doge of Venice was very powerful, as the Chief of the Government and head of the Church. Each year the sea was wedded to Venice. The Doge from a luxurious boat called "Bucintoro" threw a ring into the Sea which completed the ceremony and this was called the Wedding of the Sea. The most beautiful women in Venice were present on these occasions and their beauty lent great enchantment to these strange, ceremonies. The great painter Bellini said their glorious skins and complexions made him feel drunk, so intoxicated was his admiration, and history proves that Doge Cream was the cream used at that time; that is why Doge is called Venetian Cream. It is from an old Venetian recipe.

Per Pot - - 1/-
Large Pot - 2/-
Large Tube - 9d.
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

Almond Oil is used in Doge Cream.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM
For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co. Ltd. (Dept. D. 6.), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL
The Wonder Skin Remedy
4 FREE GIFTS COUPON
For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"

FIANCEE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6, as I paid for other soaps which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from this Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beautiful soap—originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and stores, or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. S14).
40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

COMMON-SENSE PUZZLES WITH A GREAT NEW CASH PENSION OFFER
NOW FOR JOHN BULL'S NEW 1936 X-WORDS
£500 CASH, PLUS 30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE
OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF £1,000
£100 Between all Runners-up
OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY Closing Noon, Thurs. Jan. 23
GIANT 10-IN-1 HAMPERS
Containing:—Plump Fowl, Sausages, Plum Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crackers, Biscuits, Fine Old Port—
ONE TO EACH WINNER OF £1 OR MORE THIS WEEK.

"John Bull's" New "Diagon" Crossword—Terms and Conditions

PRESENTED on this page is the first of "John Bull's" new "Diagon" Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—

The Editor of "John Bull."

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University, and—

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

"Diagon" Crosswords take their name from a new feature in these puzzles. You will find that a number of squares are divided by a diagonal stroke and contain two given letters. In order to complete your Puzzle, first fill in all non-divided squares with the most apt and accurate Answers available. Coming then to the divided squares, note that only words that employ one of the given letters in them are to be considered. At each of such points, to indicate your choice of words made on the basis directed, you have merely to strike out in ink the letter rejected and leave untouched that letter which completes the word you have chosen by reason of its aptness and accuracy.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in "John Bull" published Thursday, February 6th, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette*, obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this "Diagon" Crossword Competition.

(Copyright and Patent Rights reserved.)

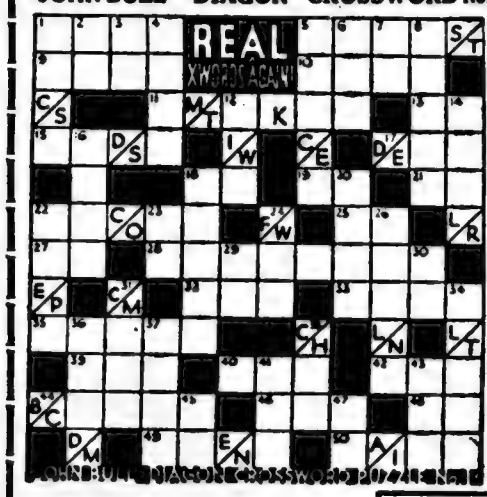
THIS NEW COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL READERS

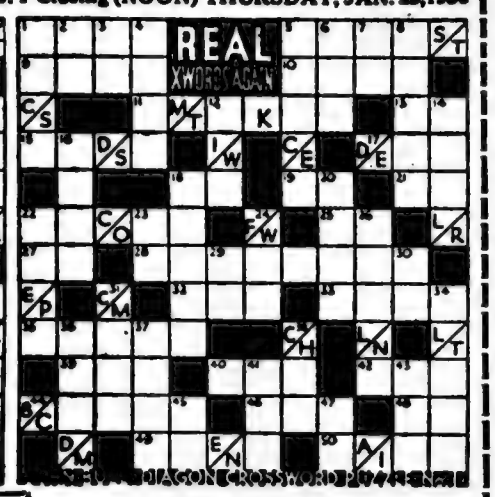
FREE HELP WEEKLY

Why not receive the free weekly help with your Crossword entries which appears in the *Crossword Gazette* each Thursday?

Use coupon on "Bullets" page to register if you are not already receiving "*Bullets*" Bulletin, once again accompanied by the *Crossword Gazette*.

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 1 Closing (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1936





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value.....No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

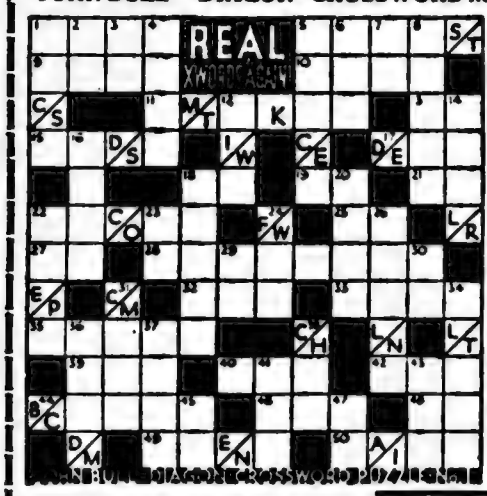
ADDRESS.....

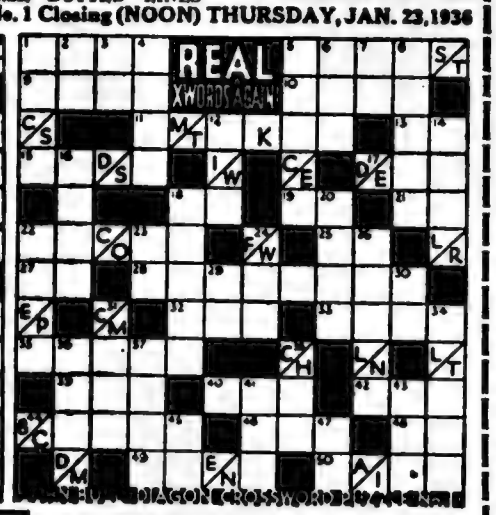
.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 1 Closing (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1936





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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ADDRESS ENTRY "DIAGON" CROSSWORD NO. 1, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

STUDY THESE CLUES.

ACROSS

1. Tattoo is beaten on this
5. Moving shows you how much there is in it
9. You may hear this of your voice in a hollow place
10. Fire gives out this
11. He often fills his lungs with smoky air
13. Contained in both ladle and spade
15. Consolation to worried father
17. Bright one is usually attractive
18. End of animal in sale
19. Part of Kaffir in Mikado
21. Both ends of sofa
22. Old photograph reminds one of Sonny's
25. Beginning and end of cream
27. Half pint in inn
28. Sonny does this and swamps bathroom
32. Geese lays a large one
33. Friends and Romans were invited to lend them
35. Witnesses are, before giving evidence
39. Crude metal in forest
40. It takes to make a quarrel
42. French halfpenny
44. Is almost useless when it's gone bad
46. They tell a horse's by its teeth
48. Take out the middle of him
49. Are liable to worry those in debt
50. Man with this is easily discerned

DOWN

1. Master insists on this being kept clean
2. Centre of arch
3. Remove postscript from push
4. Rolling stone gathers none
5. What customer may get from waitress
6. Not quite here in there
7. Nearly half eaten in fear
8. Remains
12. Commonly in wood
14. Cheap furniture commonly turns out to be this
16. Blacksmith shapes it into horseshoe
18. Leaves of this tree appear to tremble
20. Makes you consult dentist
22. Deceiver's mislead you
23. Remove it from kits
24. Eases the tension in face of danger
26. They provide food
29. Short for Lloyd George
30. Omit "Thank you" from star
31. What boy in orchard will eat if he's hungry
34. Makes maintaining balance difficult
36. You see this cut in two at end of line
37. Peruse
38. Can cause trouble in car
41. Saw in reverse
43. Unit by which electrical resistance is measured
45. First and last in mass
47. Tail end of eel

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Read these Rules carefully

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, January 23.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from JOHN BULL each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from JOHN BULL's free weekly *Crossword Gazette* or other announcement. No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from JOHN BULL plus TWO from *Crossword Gazette*, or any one other announcement.

Should any letter square be left blank contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

If neither letter in a diagonally divided square has been deleted in ink, whole Puzzle Square will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 6. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 11, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the number of words which, in answering the Clues given, agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"APT-WORDS" COMPETITION

Result of *Apt-words* Competition No. 6 appears on page 42 and subsequent results will be published in due course. Our "Diagon" Crossword Competition now takes the place of *Apt-words*, which concludes with Competition No. 8 (closing Saturday, Jan. 18), which appeared on this page last week.

COPY SQUARES ON PAGE 42

Chef (Leeds).—"Do you know what can be done with an orange skin?" We're afraid we slip up on that.

THE EDITOR Laughs Last

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write today. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

JIM (Belfast).—"I want a job with board. Can you suggest anything?" Sandwichman.

TYPIST (City).—"I attribute my rise in my profession solely to the use of a good powder." Gun powder?

HARRY (Chipstead).—"To stop my wife's nagging I bought her a new fender." And did it curb her tongue?

SPORTSMAN (Cobham).—"I've been asked to shoot at a millionaire's country house." You shouldn't miss it.

T. G. M. (Kensington).—"What is more annoying than a fast motorist tearing up your street?" A slow contractor.

CHOIRMASTER (Manchester).—"My soprano is continually singing flat. What should I do?" Send her a sharp note.

CHIROPODIST (Edinburgh).—"Too tight-fitting shoes make the toes swollen and ugly." They also make them smart.

GRAMMARIAN (Bath).—"There is no word other than 'therefore' which can take the place of 'accordingly.'" Just so.

D. C. (Buxton). — "What is more pleasant than a morning without any work to do?" A whole day.

FAIR PLAY (Lancaster).—"I always endeavour to take the other man's view if I possibly can." Builder, we presume?

PUGILIST (Blackfriars).—"I am now keeping a diary of my various fights." A sort of scrap-book, eh?

C. L. (Holborn).—"I saw a famous comedian riding in Rotten Row yesterday." On a chestnut?

E. K. (Malvern).—"Good platform orators are scarce nowadays." We came across one the other night who had missed his last train home.

P. F. (Coventry).—"Do you think it true that many burglaries are planned in the kinema?" Well, people do put their heads together there.

Boss (Manchester).—"He offered my typist a heavy bribe for a copy of a confidential letter, but she refused." She was true to type.

BETTY (Portsmouth).—"When riding pillion on my fiancé's motor-bike, the trees whizzing past made me feel quite sleepy." And then you dropped off?

D. S. (Coventry).—"I feel upset because I have been dropped from the works football team, though I've played outside-left for years." Now you are left outside.

G. B. (Stafford).—"My neighbour was furious because I went into his garden to capture my lost canary." You got the bird?

ORNITHOLOGIST (London, S.W.).—"I joined the crew as a seaman and they gave me a position most suited to me." In the crow's nest?

G. G. (Hereford).—"My wife expects me to clear away the dinner things every day." After you have cleared away the dinner, of course?

L. D. (Norwich).—"I never like a shop where they won't send goods on approval." So they meet with your disapproval?

DORIS (Ventnor).—"The picture on the chocolate-box was the stage of a theatre with a play in progress." So you wanted to go behind the scenes.

TOBY (Bromley).—"My brother-in-law likes to keep me walking round the billiard-table for hours on end." Without a break?

A. L. (Swansea).—"Why don't authors ask their friends' opinions of the stories they want to part with?" Probably because they want to keep their friends.

S. A. (Chatham).—"I was very annoyed to be kept waiting in a room for over an hour without a fire." You were burning with indignation.

THOUGHTFUL (Harwich). — "When I found the pillar-box was full I waited beside it until the postman came to collect all the letters." An empty sort of job.

PUBLICAN (Sunderland). — "If the Government would only lower the price of beer it would be better for everybody." You think your customers would then be able to raise the price . . .?

FIREMAN JOE (Ealing).—"I feel sure my wife wants to get rid of me, for she always dances with delight when I have to go to a fire, and says 'buzz off.'" In other words, she tells you to go to blazes!

COUSIN JACK (Truro).—"I can always tell a girl from London." But not much.

G. F. (Maidstone). — "My photographic expenses are going up and up." Mounting?

S. R. (Shrewton).—"How do you think I got home after missing the last bus?" Tired.

F. N. (Hackney).—"I tried to train my dog to pull a milk-float." But it wouldn't work?

HEADMASTER (London, W.).—"Corporal punishment doesn't make a boy smart." Yes it does.

BAIDE (Horsham). — "There was a brass band at my wedding." Not the ring, we trust.

J. D. (Reading). — "I am apprenticed for seven years to a chiropodist and manicurist." You are bound hand and foot.

F. G. C. (Chester). — "What would happen if perambulators were banned in this country?" Babies would be up in arms.

THE KID

B. D. (Manchester).—"All the people in this neighbourhood are protesting against the removal of a street-lamp." Well, it's no light matter.

J. C. (Liverpool).—"It was a terrible situation when I caught my husband kissing the maid." A situation that became a situation vacant?

C. H. (Pontefract).—"Although the chairs were hard, I sat through the whole programme of four hours without moving. What do you think of me?" Soft.

B. S. (Hampstead). — "Watch-thieves never hurry over their work, and therefore hardly ever bungle a job." Well, it's some sort of a consolation to know that they take their own time, too.

C. A. (Yarmouth).—"Just because one of the anglers was tall and handsome, all the women competitors were busy powdering their noses." They used a few dabs as bait?

BOXER (Mile End).—"Since I adopted professional boxing as a career I have worked really hard and am at last gaining recognition and getting decent purses." Hard slogging at your job ensured success.

A. N. (Colchester).—"Just one word of encouragement from you and I could go far." Go.

MR. L. (Hitchin).—"I wonder how it is that I never feel the cold?" For answer, see below.

MRS. L. (Hitchin).—"My husband is a very mild man." See query above.

S. R. (Woking).—"I scarcely realised that the sun rose in the east." Because it never dawns on you?

B. C. (Grendon).—"Should a married man keep a diary?" Yes, under lock and key.

ARTIST (Clapham).—"I like to draw close to the fire these chilly days." Naturally, seeing as you're an artist!

M. P. S. (Dulwich).—"I find my chain of five shops has kept my sons together." Links?

A. H. (South Shields).—"Would you say that business with the African elder-duck farmers was picking up?" No, picking down.

TYRO (North Berwick).—"Has a golfing beginner ever been known to give his opponent a stroke a hole?" No; his partner.

R. H. S. (Glasgow).—"The average public speaker is a specialist in the white lie—and that's a fact!" It's nothing of the sort.

T. Y. (Glasgow).—"When two Irishmen start fighting, they never stop until the hatchet is safely buried." Or one of the Irishmen.

P. V. (Rutland). — "It always puzzles me why a man whitens his windows when he is papering his front room." You can't see through it!

TOMMY (Dulwich).—"Just the one day in the term I really wanted to be free my form-master gave me an imposition to do." Hard lines!

MAGNATE (City). — "Only downright dishonest men pull strings in order to get on in the world." This seems unduly hard on harpists.

T. J. (Birkenhead).—"I read that a man has been charged with selling electro-plated metal as silver." That was quite unwarranted.

S. M. (Chertsey). — "A friend of mine, a professional violinist, has an air of prosperity about him." Is he always producing a lot of notes?"

DONE (Gillingham).—"After I had paid a good price for the business as a going concern, I discovered that it was worth nothing." It was, in fact, gone?

NATURALIST (Exmouth).—"Soon we shall have the joyous notes of Nature with us again." Preceded by the far from joyous notes of the collector of taxes.

L. R. (Bagshot).—"In less than half a minute my bicycle was taken and I couldn't find a trace of it." Even although the thief made tracks with it?

G. M. (Ely).—"My wife goes on and on like a gramophone." But you could stop the gramophone.

CHIROPODIST (London, S.W.).—"Although it has been a slow job, my business has developed surely." You've progressed foot by foot, so to speak.

P. K. (Ealing).—"I have a little money saved—can you suggest a good investment?" If it's as much as sixpence, why not try *Bullets* this week? There's a fine Cash-plus-Savings First Prize for somebody on page 43.

M. B. (Clacton).—"Many a motorist gets tired of driving and longs to fly." We heard of one who stopped to unfold a large road map in a high wind and was last seen drifting over a range of hills.

MISS C. (S. Tottenham).—"I got a glimpse of Ramon Navarro, and of Doug. Fairbanks, too, but, strangely enough, I fell and bumped my head badly on both occasions." You saw stars.

SECRETARY (Lambeth).—"Several members of our social club have turned against me, so I am anxious to get round things." Then why not buy a few footballs?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

MOTHER! Stop Your Child's Cough with one dose of 'Pineate' BRAND HONEY SYRUP
Economy — The Tiny Dose
1/6 a bottle
The Cough Remedy for Children

PILES can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

ManZan BRAND PILE REMEDY

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.
Sold everywhere.
& BEFORE BED
For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

ECZEMA, DERMATITIS, BAD LEGS (Varicose Ulcers), LUPUS & RODENT ULCER,
OR ANY OTHER SKIN DISEASE
If you are a sufferer from Psoriasis, Acne, Alopecia, Impetigo, &c., do not despair, but consult Mr. TOM WARD or Mr. JAMES WARD (Principals of Tom Ward, Ltd.), who have over 40 years' experience in the Treatment and Cure of Skin Diseases and kindred ailments. Consultations free, personally or by letter. We have successfully treated thousands of patients through the post, in almost every Country in the World. Write to-day for our FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET of Testimonials, which tells of the wonderful cures of Skin Diseases we have made when other treatments have failed.
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JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU

Hurry! Closing Jan. 31.

"John Bull's" Great New Year Gift Offer is definitely closing on January 31st.

Have you had yours yet? If not, you must hurry as time is now getting short.

Below are the gift Vouchers—one worth 2/9 and the other worth 7/6—**you can accept either or both.** Each will be accepted in **part payment** for one of these magnificent Writing Sets.

Post your application before it is too late.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **2/9** in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/6** Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until January 31, 1936.

No. A/71568

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **2/9** cash in part payment of "John Bull's" **5/6** Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the black vulcanite Pen, latest lever self-filling device and **14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB,** iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN

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This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **7/6** in part payment of the "John Bull" **12/6** Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until January 31, 1936.

No. B/71568

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **7/6** cash in part payment of "John Bull's" **12/6** Writing Set de Luxe. Handsomely finished in glossy black and beautifully streamlined, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. **Two inlaid 18-ct. rolled-gold bands encircle the pen, which is made of an entirely new material of remarkable durability—it is guaranteed unbreakable.** The pen has a sunk lever self-filling device, and the pocket-clip to match accentuates the lustrous finish. The extra heavy **14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB** has costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip, rubber and extra leads, and is fitted with propel, repel and expel movement. It also has an 18-ct. rolled gold band. A decorative Golden satin-lined Casket sets off this magnificent Gift.

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To "John Bull," Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value **2/9**, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/6** Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for **2/9**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **3/-** in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value **7/6**, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **12/6** Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for **5/-**, plus **3d.** for postage & insurance, making **5/3** in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 18/1/36.

RESULT of 'BULLETS' Competition No. 1,011

His whole family benefited when £500 was won last week by Mr. C. Parratt, 33, Oxenholme Crescent, Liverpool

First Prize, £5 a Week Job during 1936 plus £500 Cash:
T. L. SOAR, 18, Petit Road, Moordown, Bournemouth.
Example: ON THE EIGHT-FIFTEEN
Bullet: TRAVELLERS DREAMING OF—"TRAVEL"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

A. SNEDDON, 8, Beatty Street, Dalmuir.
Example: Our Champion
Bullet: "Four Corners" Uphold Him.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

Mrs. A. SWAN, 8, Oxford Street, Edinburgh.
Example: Sound Of The Syren
Bullet: Fills Air—Streets—Shops.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: E. ELLIOTT, 5, Cobden Road, South Norwood, S.E.
From The Front—Coster Carefully Removes "Casualties."

£19: S. DAY, 91, Rowheath Road, Birmingham.
On The Eight-fifteen—Off To The *Traces.*

£18: G. WESTBY, 83, Hagley Road, Birmingham.
Crumb Of Comfort—Auntie's—*Everyone* Loves Her!

£17: Mrs. EDGEWORTH, 52, Belfairs Drive, Leigh-on-Sea.
Sound Of The Syren—Echo, "With This Ring——."

£16: M. CRAVEN, Invercannie, Banchory.
Swept Aside—Reservoir Plans—Villages, Now.

£15: C. FROST, 76, Evelina Road, Peckham, London, S.E.
New Recruit—Employee—Smartens "Old Soldiers."

£14: A. G. WOOD, 30a, Queen Street, Lossiemouth.
Our Champion—Loves "Gong"—Hates "Towel."

£13: K. HARDY, "Bradgate," Sharoe Green Lane, Broughton, Lancs.
On The Eight-fifteen—Dressing Finishes—Government "Stripped."

£12: S. W. PARRY, 105, Moston Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.
Fresh Start—"Iron" Will *Obliterated* "Brand."

£11: A. JAMES, 6, Manor Drive, Long Benton.
He's A Dreamer, So—"Elbows Through"—Remains Behind.

£10: F. CLIFT 451 Dudley Road, Birmingham.
Prosperous Year—"Cards" Wish—"Envelopes" Fulfil.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£9: W. JENNINGS, 2, Hill View Villas, Hanwell.
New Recruit—On Toes—Blistered Heel!

£8: Mrs. A. PETRIE, 5, Minard Road, Glasgow.
Law Of The Jungle—Opposed To "Garden's" Lesson.

£7: Miss A. GREEN, 36, St. John's Road, Burnley.
Sound Of The Syren—"Awakener" I Dream Of.

£6: F. SHAW, 21, Cemetery Road, Porth, Glam.
Law Of The Jungle—Enters Soul. Entering Sale!

£5 10s.: G. SAVILLE, 140, Ankerdine Crescent, Plumstead, S.E.
Work, Work Work—Then "Bedtime"—Mother's "Story."

£5: D. BURROWS, 10, Camden Terrace, Weston-super-Mare.
Father's Bargain—*Licence* "Runs Year." Anyhow!

A list of all unpublished Cash Prize-winners in both "Bullets" and "Apt-words" can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

RESULT OF 'APT-WORDS' No. 6

FIRST PRIZE, £500:

Miss C. MAW, 29, Hope Street, Cambridge.
Example: Boss
Apt-word: Omnipotent "Slave."

SECOND PRIZE, £50.

W. EVANS, 72, Shawbrook Road, Manchester.
Bore—"Empty"—"Overflowing."

THIRD PRIZE, £25.

H. IRVING, 9, Wenlock Road, Liverpool.
Born—Respect—Burial!

20 PRIZES OF £5 EACH.

R. BALAAM, 74, East Block, Brookhill, Woolwich, S.E.
Bold—Bid—Did!

W. H. BARRY, Norwood, Comber Road, Belfast.
Hopes—"Sky-high"—Hell!

J. BEARD, 77, Peasley Cross Lane, St. Helens.
Sinking—"Grindstone" *Saves.*

H. BOWEN, 8, The Crossway, Newcastle, Staffs.
Born—Nameless, "Branded."

Mrs. BROOKE, 81, Runnymede Road, Birmingham.
Hates—"Humbug," "Sweetie."

B. COOKSON, 101, Elizabeth Street, Blackpool.
Boss—"Black"—"Savage."

N. CURTIS, Filleigh, Barnstaple.
Boob—Beer *Bests.*

Mrs. C. R. DAWE, 11, Marmion Road, Liverpool.
Weaving—Witness "Entangled."

Mrs. DOBSON, Newmarket, Claycross, near Chesterfield.
Distress—Details *Racking.*

J. FALLON, 392, Shawclough Road, Rochdale.
Father—Anchored—Tankard!

S. FINCH, 24, Claremont Park, Finchley, N.
Lick—Kennels, Cots.

Mrs. L. GEDGE, 59, Brightfield Road, Lee, S.E.
Father—Erratic, Regularly!

Mrs. E. GUEST Glenmoor, Sourton, Devon.
Boss—Supports—Support!

A. JORDAN, 9, Motley Street, Battersea, S.W.
Distress—"Shavers," "Scrapes."

Miss LINTON, 15, Hillside Avenue, Southampton.
Fatter—Actress "Trembles."

Miss F. NEWTON, 3, Woodview, Hyacinth Close, Sheffield.
Boot—Best *Teller.*

E. ROSS, "Greeba," Park Road, Crewe.
Father—"Hearing" Terrible.

E. TANNER, The Firs, Princes Risborough.
Both—"Trumpeters"—"Blows."

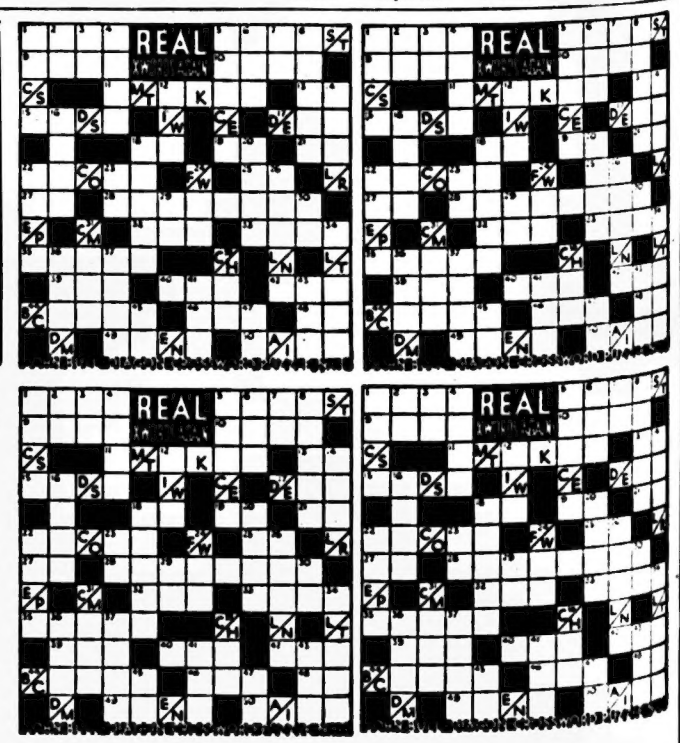
W. WILLIAMS, 3, Post Office Street, Llanaelhaiarn.
Distress—"Raft," Sandwich-boards.

A. WILLIAMSON, 263, Montford Avenue, Rutherglen, N.B.
Gates—Trespasser "Erects."

X-WORD COPY SQUARES

Entrants in our Crossword Competition should keep copies of their entry on these miniature squares.

PUZZLE on Page 40



NEWSAGENT'S X-WORD PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom "Diagon" Crossword No. 1 First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents

GREAT NEW CASH-plus-SAVINGS FIRST PRIZE
£500
CASH PLUS £1 SAVINGS CERTIFICATES VALUE
£300
IN TEN YEARS
COST TO DAY £225
and
25
UNIQUE AND VALUABLE
Cash-plus-TYPEWRITER Awards
"John Bull" meets many requests from Competitors by presenting with each prize from £2.10s. to £50 this week a £9.9.0 Home Portable Typewriter—modern, efficient, reliable and easy to use.
LATEST REMINGTON MODEL
VALUE £9.9.0 EACH
£50 PLUS TYPEWRITER
£25 PLUS TYPEWRITER
£10 PLUS TYPEWRITER
10 OF £5 EACH PLUS TYPEWRITER
12 OF £2-10s EACH PLUS TYPEWRITER
WHERE DESIRED RADIO CAN BE SUBSTITUTED FOR TYPEWRITER
20 OF 10/- • 500 OF 2/6 • 2,000 RED SEALS • 8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
1,015
This week only — Closing Saturday Jan. 25

FORTUNE AND NEST-EGG WITH 25 OTHER BIG 2-IN-1 PRIZES!

HEADED by a novel **Cash-plus-Savings First Prize**, a fine array of first-class Portable **Typewriters** accompanies the **25** remaining big cheques in this outstanding offer.

There is hardly a home in the land where good use could not be made of one of these elegant **£9 9s. Remington machines—and each cheque this week from £2 10s.** up to **£50 brings its winner this unique Bonus Award. But for competitors preferring** a Radio, arrangements can be made accordingly.

Aim at **First Prize quality in each of the *Bullets* you enter during the next few** days, for entering the best effort will enrich you by **£500 cash. And in order** that you may spend freely from that splendid sum, **JOHN BULL will add 300** Savings Certificates whose value of **£225** to-day will grow to **£300 in 10 years.**

Congratulations will be wired to the First Prize-winner on **Friday, February 7** and all prizes will be in their winners' hands a few days later.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, remember that there is practically no limit to the range of your ideas, but remember also that it is essential for each effort, which must consist of **TWO, THREE or FOUR words, to be clear in** meaning and be linked closely with its *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example* **WORTH BACKING**, you had made the rough note, *Statesman's Efforts To Stop War*. This you could readily condense and improve to the finished *Bullet* **WORTH BACKING—WAR-HORSE—INTO PEACE "STABLE."**

To help you further to grasp the knack of making neat *Bullets*, study the latest list of winning efforts on the opposite page. These successful *Bullets* will give you a clear idea of the type of effort that scores: they also prove that since you can readily appreciate their good points, you are quite capable of turning out a winning effort yourself.

Settle down to your own *Bullets* with confidence and see that by **Saturday, January 25, there are some *Bullets*** at Long Acre from you.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

DOCTOR BRITANNIA
BLACK DIAMONDS
VILLAGE HERO
DRUNKEN DRIVER
FREEZING
IN POVERTY STREET
DESPERATE MAN
WHEN SUNDAY COMES
SCENTING TROUBLE
WATCHING FATHER
LIFE'S A TRAGEDY WHEN
NEW ROAD
AMUSED THE OFFICE-BOY
"THAT'S SETTLED IT!"
LIPS THAT ARE SEALED
HE'S A BRUTE, BUT
ON THE OTHER SIDE
MADE SONNY SORRY
BUBBLING OVER
WHEN SHE STOPS
NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE, SO
FAIREST WAY
EASY TO UNDERSTAND
CONVINCED HER
WORTH BACKING
PULLING THE TRIGGER
RACE AGAINST TIME
SUSPICION
ALL EQUAL
KEEPING ON
CUP OF KINDNESS
TO CLEAR THE SLUMS
AWAY FROM HER
GRIM TEST
HEARD AT THE TRIAL
NO PLAYGROUND

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,010 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Gibbs, Long Lane, Liverpool.

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with TWO BIG PRIZE COMPETITIONS! USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 93, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,015) Closing SAT., Jan. 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"BULLETS" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,015) Closing SAT., Jan. 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,015) Closing SAT., Jan. 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,015) Closing SAT., Jan. 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

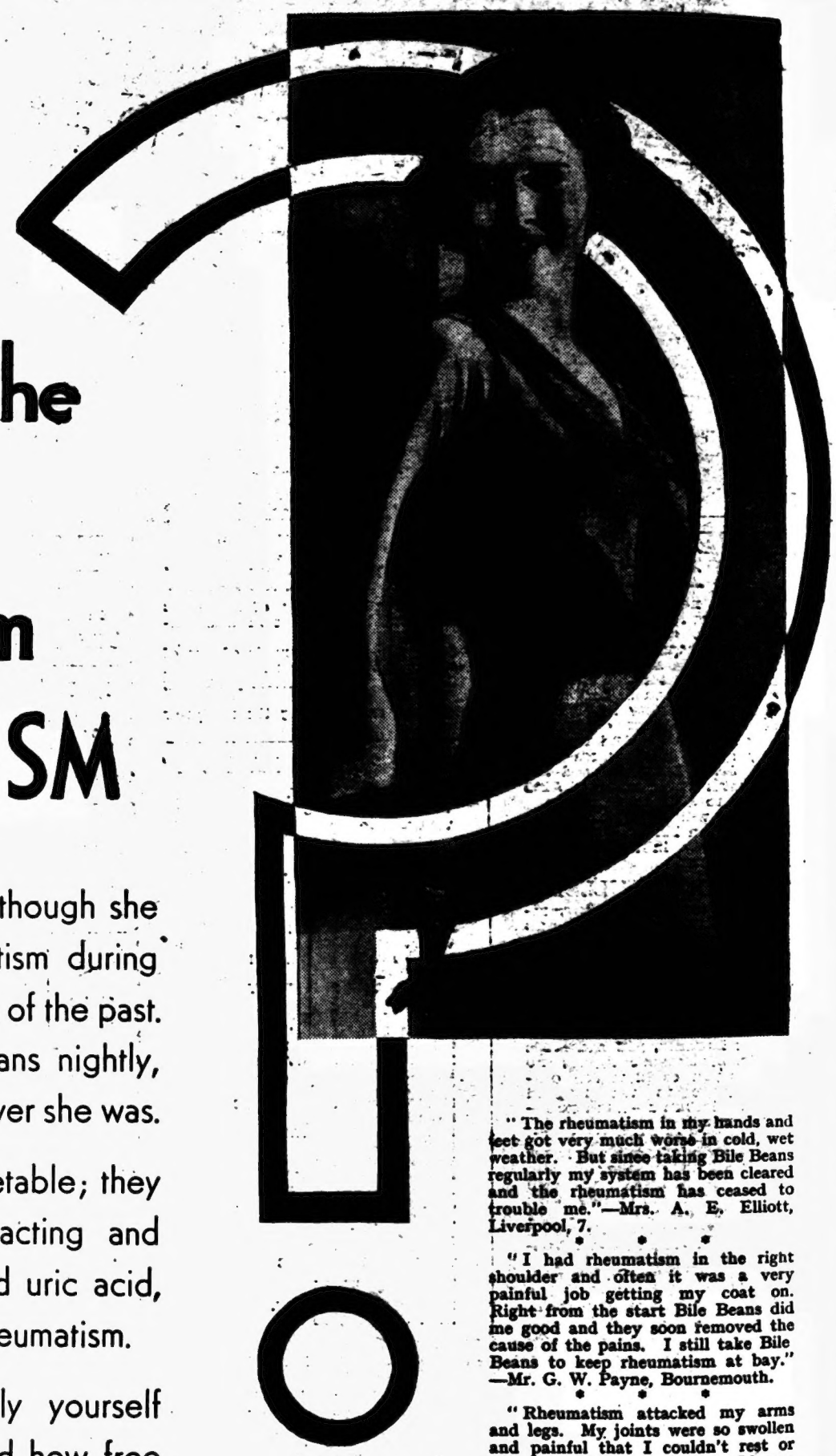
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,015) Closing SAT., Jan. 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,015 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,015, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

How does she keep free from RHEUMATISM



SHE'S middle-aged now; but though she used to suffer from rheumatism during the Winter months that's a thing of the past. Now, thanks to taking Bile Beans nightly, she's as supple and active as ever she was.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they purify the blood by counteracting and removing poisonous toxins and uric acid, which are the root cause of rheumatism.

Take Bile Beans regularly yourself this Winter; you'll be delighted how free from rheumatism they keep you, and at the great improvement in your health.

"The rheumatism in my hands and feet got very much worse in cold, wet weather. But since taking Bile Beans regularly my system has been cleared and the rheumatism has ceased to trouble me."—Mrs. A. E. Elliott, Liverpool, 7.

* * *

"I had rheumatism in the right shoulder and often it was a very painful job getting my coat on. Right from the start Bile Beans did me good and they soon removed the cause of the pains. I still take Bile Beans to keep rheumatism at bay."—Mr. G. W. Payne, Bournemouth.

* * *

"Rheumatism attacked my arms and legs. My joints were so swollen and painful that I couldn't rest or sleep. On a neighbour's advice I began to take the regular doses of Bile Beans. Since then my rheumatism has been completely removed. I can again get about in comfort."—Mrs. S. L. Jenks, Wolverhampton.

BILE BEANS

PREVENT AND BANISH RHEUMATISM

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